World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Edited by Edward Hulton

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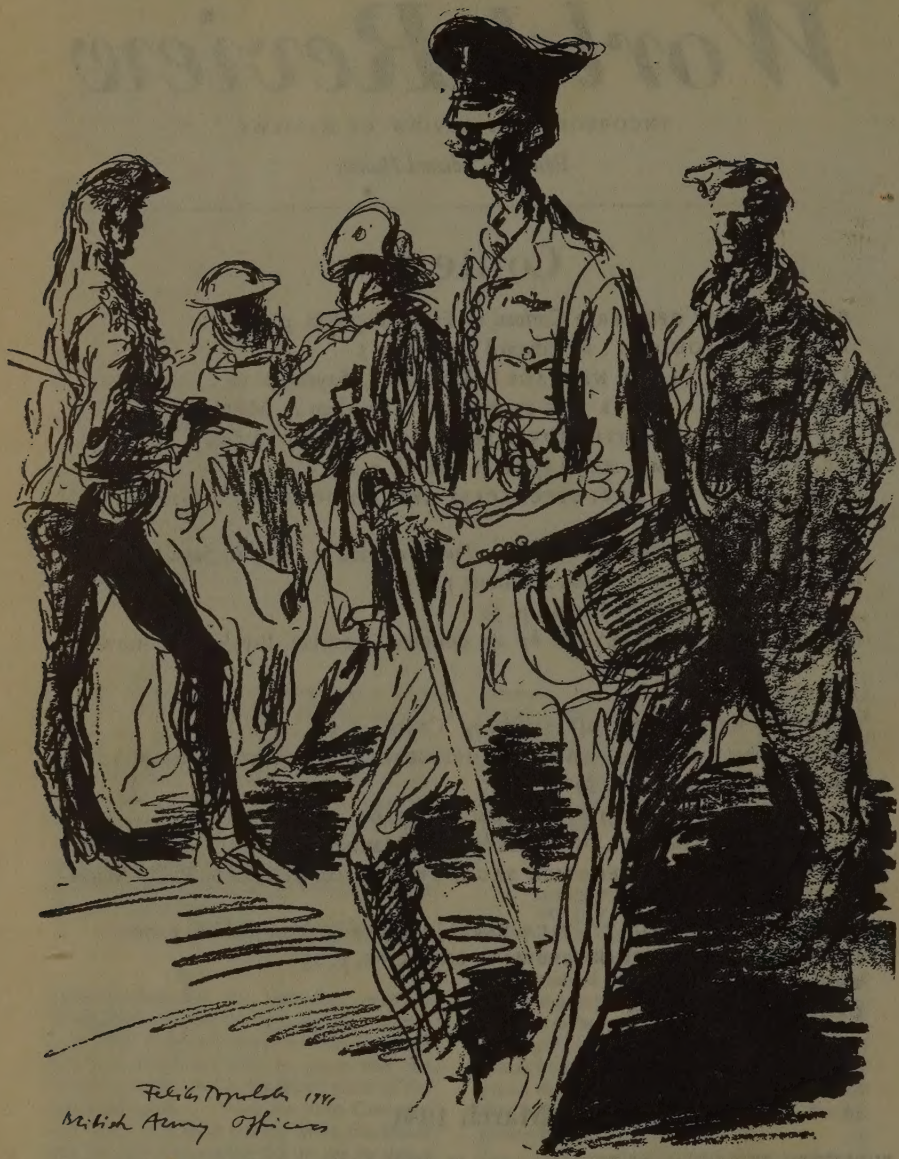


Is our Army getting the Best Officers?

SEE PAGE 55

Thinking Aloud . . .

by EDWARD HULTON

THE importance of food production is obvious. Upon this subject Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, spoke the other day. He made the point, like Jellicoe in the last war, that only the farmers could lose the war! I should actually have thought that there were others who could very definitely and rapidly lose the war, such as fighter pilots—or even Jellicoe's successor. Nevertheless, if we do not get an increased food production at home we cannot make it up by importation from abroad, and must inevitably starve. In 'times of normalcy' we introduce £380,000,000 worth of food, and grow here only £268,000,000 worth. Moreover, our capacity to build ships is, perhaps, below the enemy's capacity to sink. To-day there are still roughly three months before the end of planting time. After that it will be too late.

Clem's Commonsense

MR. 'CLEM' DAVIES, in the Debate on Production and Manpower, was ready with a lucid and commonsense scheme for a Supreme Economics Minister, with attendant satellites. Similarly he has made intelligent suggestions for the proper organisation of our food production. He considers that the 'Boss' should be the Minister of Food, who would logically be analogous to the War Minister, or the Air Minister. The Minister of Agriculture would be analogous to the Minister of Supply, etc.

Rationing Complexities

'CLEM' considers that the Minister of Food should be a great deal stricter about rationing all foods. All essentials and non-essentials should be rationed. The manufacture of non-essentials must cease. He is perturbed because 'home eaters' are rationed but 'restaurant eaters' are not.

There seems, indeed, to be no valid reason why coupons should not be employed for public eating places, as in the last war. Though the volume of meat consumed in public places is said to be very small, some saying that it is only about one per cent. Again, even the richest people do not, in fact, gorge themselves with meat in restaurants; and one wonders whether a single person has really eaten a large meal in one restaurant and gone on to repeat the performance down the road.

Further, the high prices paid in the *de luxe* restaurants have no relation to the amount of food consumed. They are, as we know, supposed to cover the elegance of the furnishings, to say nothing of the 'clientele'. Still, in the name of justice, a universal application of the rules would have been better. Another point is that the extension of eating in public places by all kinds of people should be encouraged as being far more economic.

It is rumoured, by the way, that many butchers are not restricting their home customers to the legal 1s. 2d.

worth of meat per week, and that if they did so they would rapidly be bankrupt. This suggests the necessity for the Government to compensate butchers. A further point—butchers, and other tradesmen, in accordance with the customs of peace, are still preserving their best for their 'best customers'.

We Are Too Faddy

It has been suggested that the amount of money which any person could spend in a week should be rationed. I can see great complications. But essential goods like clothes might be rationed like food. No reasonable well-to-do person would object to this. Presumably he has already got a large stock of garments, and does not have to do much replenishing. This would hit women who want to buy fashion goods. We want our women friends to put up a special brave and gay show during this very dreary period, but they, too, must have a considerable accumulation of odds and ends with which they could 'ring the changes' without making new purchases.

'To return to our muttons', it is not quite fully realised yet that it is not just a case of 'ploughing up', but of what kind of produce to grow. An acre will produce *fourteen times as much nutrition in the form of potatoes as in the form of meat.* The public must be taught to eat the foods that are economic. Many people have foolish fancies and fads about foods anyway. An example of this is the habit of eating white bread. Some millers have indeed been anxious that mugs should indulge in the 'refined' taste of white bread eating so that they could sell the 'offals' for feeding stuffs. There was certainly an Alice in Wonderland quality in the Government proposal to continue to permit the goodness to be taken out of bread and to put it in again by a synthetic process.

Farm and Army

Mr. Hudson has earned the respect of those who are versed in agriculture. The one thing which has not pleased farmers is his support of the policy of drifting farm workers into the Army. No doubt he found himself borne down by other ministers and had to give way. The 'President' is very like a Cinderella amongst his Ministerial colleagues at the best of times, and in this case the pressure must have been severe. However, every man, woman, and 'effective' child must do the work in this war which is *really* the most valuable.

And can a person be performing any more useful task than growing food? *Not a man should have been taken from our farms at any time.* The number employed was always small; it could make little difference to the Army, but could make all the difference to agriculture. Further, when Mr. Hudson announced that farm workers must be taken he did not even give any indication how many and which! Latterly, Wisdom seems to have shown an inclination to remount her throne, and it is announced that 'no man will be taken who cannot be spared'. One would have thought it a hard task to think of any farm worker who could be spared. The official answer is that Land Girls are to be thrown into the breach. Mr. Hudson informs us gravely that modern girls are very strong and that they fly aeroplanes to antipodean climes. We do not, however, really require his opinion of what modern girls are like. The fact remains that women are not ideally formed for wrestling with the soil, and that in any event land workers cannot be trained at short notice.

A Great Man Passes

THE death of Lord Lloyd is a tragedy. There is no doubt that in an earlier period he would have stood with Wolfe and Clive. His views on social questions and on the status of 'natives' were a little old-world for our times. He moreover had the added disadvantage of reaching maturity in the Baldwin-Macdonald-Chamberlain epoch, when strong character was definitely 'out'. He was of the company of strong men whose services we might have enjoyed for years, but whom we preferred to keep unemployed. As an administrator he was the equal of Lord Beaverbrook. Things were soon made to hum in the stagnant mansions of the Colonial Office. He had long warned us about Nazi intentions, and had urged us to re-arm. With his Welsh blood, he possessed the imagination and fire which, mingled with Saxon stock, can make a super-Briton.

LORD LLOYD

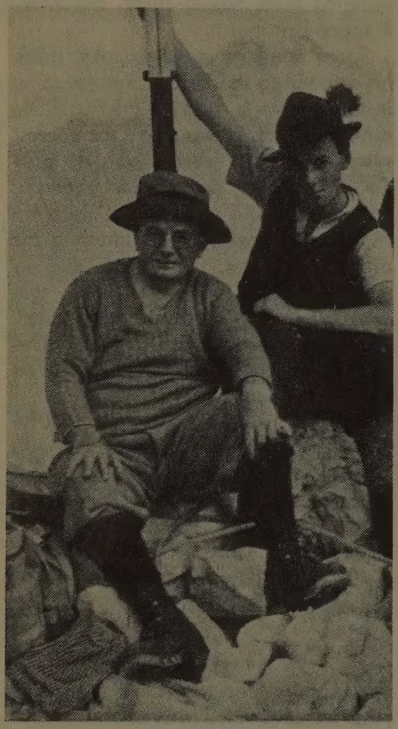
Some modern students may think his attitude to the British Empire as an institution was a trifle too uncritical. To him, however, it was really the noblest system that this world had ever produced, bringing order with freedom, and as he loved to exclaim, 'showing mercy to the weak, and humbling the proud'. He was its knight, and its paladin. His devotion to duty was apparent after five minutes' intercourse. He had also the capacity to make himself beloved by his subordinates—unless they were inefficient.

It was only a few weeks ago that he invited me to dine with him. Though looking obviously overworked and painfully ill, his spirits were infectious. 'It's a poor heart that never rejoices,' he exclaimed. With his passing, Britain is a less gay, a less glamorous, a less noble place. May God rest his gallant soul!

Amery Wasted

ALAS, also, for the space of twelve years we have failed to avail ourselves of the services of Mr. L. S. Amery. He would at this moment make a good chief of our economic effort. His task at the India Office is thankless. His speeches on India have, however, been remarkably free of platitudes. The deadlock, he explained, is not so much between our Government and an Indian opposition, as between the main elements in India's own national life. The claim of Congress to speak for India is denied by very important elements.

Only one, though foremost amongst these, stand the Moslems, a mere ninety millions, constituting a majority both in North-Western and North-Eastern India, and scattered also as an important minority over all the sub-continent. In



MR. AMERY

religious and social outlook, in historic tradition and culture, the difference between them and the Hindus is, if anything, deeper than any national difference in Europe. They refuse to have anything to do with a Constitution formed by a Constitutional Assembly elected by majority vote in geographical constituencies. Some have even asserted that rather than truckle to this they would secede and form a separate state. It is of some interest that the North Africans are Moslems.

A similar feeling subsists amongst the 'scheduled castes', who, for centuries have been regarded by orthodox Hindus, not only as a low, but as an 'untouchable' class. Somewhat naturally they fail to regard themselves as part of the Hindu community as represented by Congress.

There stand also the Princes, whose territories cover a third of the land, with nearly a quarter of its population. To these we are bound by definite treaties which we cannot disregard.

Recognise the Difficulty!

No doubt in the past we could have been more understanding of Indians. The assumption, however, by certain circles that 'a generous attitude' will do the trick in a jiffy is quite unwarranted. What we would welcome from some persons, and incidentally from Americans, is the recognition that the question is, in fact, difficult. For the recognition of difficulty is the beginning of wisdom.

Incidentally, we should try to get a balanced view of the highly spectacular career of Mr. Gandhi. He no doubt possesses some saintly qualities, but he is also one of the greatest political bosses and party managers of all times, and he is not coy about personal publicity. As far as his actual statesmanship is concerned, his advice to us to 'surrender peacefully your island and thus preserve your many beautiful buildings' does not suggest practical qualities.

German Radio Gems

By the way, in a broadcast to India the other day, the Nazis announced that their philosophy was 'based on non-violence'. Another recent Nazi

broadcast to foreign nations possessed its usual series of variations. It dealt with the attitude of the United States to Britain. Whilst in some cases the broadcast had to admit that the U.S.A. was practically allied to Britain, when it came to Afghanistan it was calmly announced that the American Government was to all intents and purposes allied to the Reich!

Jugo-Slavia

M. IVAN SOUBBOTITCH, the Jugo-Slav Minister, was looking very fit and well when I saw him the other day. M. Soubbotitch, a man of charming manners, looks rather like a youngish Professor, which indeed he is. He was very interesting about Hitler's New Order for Europe. I gathered, incidentally from various sources, that the Jugo-Slavs were not then taking kindly to the idea that the Germans were to constitute a Herrenvolk. Neither did they feel attracted to a system under which all major manufacturing was to be done in Germany, whilst the outlying nations were merely to supply agricultural produce.

The Reich Government was remaining perfectly correct in its relations with Belgrade. But German newspapers were frank to the point of indelicacy about the real meaning of the New Order, the functions of those nations which had already been brought under the sway of German arms and the conduct required from those who had not yet joined up. They openly stated that those countries which had not yet come in must do so or, as it is put in diplomatic language, *supporter les conséquences.*

I had to explain to Madame Soubbotitch, who is rightly regarded as a lady of great intelligence, that whereas I could reminisce over the many delightful coast towns of Dalmatia, I was one of that numerous band of Englishmen who had seen the Adriatic coast without ever visiting Belgrade or indeed any part of Old Serbia. Though I have stayed in ill-starred Sarajevo.

The Good Life

SARAJEVO is still a queer mixture, being an uncertain amalgam of a Turkish city, a provincial Austrian centre, and a modern Jugo-Slav town. A queer experience is to visit a local cabaret. The lady visitors look perfectly 'modern', save for a striped yashmak across their faces. Their rather tough 'boy friends' wear western clothes with a little red fez superadded upon the head. The songs provided are a mixture of Turkish and Slav with the seductive qualities of each.

As for Dubrovnik, its prospect from the Adriatic remains unspoilt, 'guarded' by unique sea bastions. I would give a lot to be sitting at this moment at the Gradska Café, watching the noiseless arrival of a white ship upon the dark blue water. The Jugo-Slavs can teach us plenty about the art of living, and 'the Good Life' is cheap in their land. As Madame Soubbotitch reminded me, for the price of a bunch of grapes in London you can stay for a day at the best hotel in Dubrovnik (excellent food included).

He Came, He Saw . . .

THERE has been much speculation as to the real purpose of the visit of Mr. Wendell Willkie, though no disagreement concerning his great personal charm. He probably came to see if we could 'take it', and I think he has gone back satisfied that we can. Incidentally, I hope our attitude to the United States will not be one of 'appeasement'. We are fighting their battle as well as our

own, and they know it. There is only one thing an American despises, and that is a 'sucker'. We owe the Americans nothing. We are proud to co-operate with them. They will respect us more if we speak straight from the shoulder as people should who are about to become very close relations.

Transport Chaos

WITH invasion 'in the air', our transport situation remains scandalous. Moore-Brabazon is doing his best, but he should now act under the powers conferred by the Defence Regulations. The need of the nation must be the first considertation, and not the 'rate books', which at present solely obsess railway directors. Traders are crying aloud about late delivery. Despite the 'iron horse', much goods traffic proceeds at an average rate equal to a walking pace. The major problem of increasing the efficiency of traffic movement through the ports by the unification of transport has barely been touched. In France, in 1916, an identical problem was solved by the amalgamation of all forms of transport under Sir Eric Geddes; and similar methods were, of course, adopted by the B.E.F. in this war. However, the records showing how this was done do not even appear to have been consulted.

The recent appointment of the energetic Mr. Gibson Jarvie, and another Regional Port Director, is a step in the right direction; but these men are almost powerless unless the entire transport system is unified.

Wales and Wagons

DESPITE the fact that the South Wales Coalfield has lost more than two-thirds of its normal export business, and that the railways in this area now have to carry 200,000 tons less per week than they were handling for shipment in May 1940, the railways have been 'unable to accept' coal for conveyance from South Wales. No economy in wagons has really been effected by taking away the special coal wagons and throwing them into a general pool, because the average wagon load of coal is 9.78 tons, but of general merchandise only 2.81 tons. On a wider view, the breakdown in coal transport has been due to failure to co-ordinate transport supply with transport demand.

Coal, however, has enjoyed priority, and other commodities are in still worse case. Aviation and other war factories have experienced temporary stoppages through inability to get raw materials or clear finished goods. There is a serious failure in the supply of railway wagons; and where there are wagons there are often no 'sheets' to cover them. There is also a shortage of motor vehicles. This is largely due to the policy of restriction of road traffic, which began with the Road and Rail Traffic Act of 1933. Again, when the War started petrol was very severely restricted; and it was gaily stated that much road traffic could be actually diverted to the railways, who were supposed to be in a splendid position to take it. This state of affairs rapidly became so ludicrous that the present Minister had to reverse it.

No Professionals

THE Ministry of Transport is inadequate, both in size and in professional quality, to assume control. This is as true of local organisations as of headquarters. Believe it or not, there are no professional transport men at the Ministry, bar one 'Railway Control Officer' (who does not control the railways). Part-time advisory committees

have to be relied upon, and these usually represent vested interests. Even the Port Emergency Committees are not whole-time servants of the State. The Regional Transport Commissioners and their staffs are largely drawn from those quasi-judicial persons who did commercial vehicle licensing—and don't know a thing about executive work.

No attempt has been made to co-ordinate railways, roads, and canals, or to co-ordinate the various regions. Moreover, each of the four railway companies is still separately managed and operated. The railways are not even properly co-ordinated with the road transport companies which they themselves own! The railways refuse to let their warehousing space, even for foodstuffs, unless it is guaranteed that 75 or 80 per cent of the traffic will pass by rail. Since the railways cannot take any traffic for days at a time, it is not easy to give this guarantee.

As regards road vehicles, there exist as many as 239,000 'companies'. Attempts have been made to form these into groups, but these groups are more concerned in doling out petrol than in true operative organisation.

To the New Age

THE 1941 Committee, under the chairmanship of J. B. Priestley, is forging ahead. It is at present the only group uniting a large body of progressive leaders, and uniting them not for genial mateyness, but for action. A statement of aims headed by the words, 'We Must Win!' has been published. The drawing up of such an agreed statement from about thirty intellectuals and others is itself a genuine epoch-making event.

For action, specific 'targets' are being selected. Sub-committees are working hard on these. The movement will have no national individual membership. It is not intended to get a mass of people all excited and then give them nothing to do. On the lines of the triumphant William Allen White Committee of America, membership will be through provincial branches, beginning with five or six great towns. Mr. Priestley has held a very successful meeting of the leading citizens of Manchester.

'The People': Who They Are

BY the force of popular demand the B.B.C. were compelled to invite him to take the air again. His new broadcasts serve to remind us that there is still red blood in this country. It is, indeed, as a person that J. B. principally shines. At a luncheon given by the New Europe Circle, he was, despite a bad throat, at his very best. He did well to remind us that whether a thing is good or bad should be measured by this yardstick, 'Is it good for the people?' By the people are meant, not so much a class, as the people as persons with souls, or at least with flesh and blood. There has been a superabundance of thinking in terms of land, and this conception was merely replaced by thought in terms of balance-sheets.

Criticism

THE *Sunday Pictorial*, alias 'The Voice of the People', enjoyed itself on February 2nd with a full page boldly headed: 'You are Wasting Our Time, Mr. Priestley.' What made me a sadder man was the realisation that the public can be so easily misinformed by a popular organ. The writer was entitled to criticise the principles of the 1941 Committee. This, however, he wholly failed to do. What he did indulge in was what is sometimes termed 'political Aunt Sallyism'. You invent a proposition for

your opponent and then proceed to demolish it with conspicuous success. Needless to say, your opponent has never put forward this proposition at all. Easy! In fact, compared with the cerebral agitation required for genuine criticism, it's delightful, it's delicious, it's delirious!

Grey Cardinal

THE other day I journeyed into the mountain fastnesses of Wales to visit my friend Dr. Tom Jones. I found him seated in the midst of College Harlech, the working-men's university he has created under the shadow of Edward I's classic castle. When you meet T. J., who was L. G.'s 'grey cardinal' in the last Armageddon, you realise why we won the last war. Though he is now getting on in years, he combines the lust for reform of youth with a common-sense and experience of men and matters of the very highest order.

It is no exaggeration to say that he can make a very valuable contribution to the winning of this struggle. During the week-end he revealed that he realises that we shall not triumph unless we gain a real mastery of the psycho-logical approach.

Educate our Soldiers

THE subject of Army Education was discussed at length. One of the chief Army lecturers told me that frequently he has to address audiences of three! It has, in fact, not yet been decided whether to permit men to dribble-in voluntarily in their two's and three's, or to make it a species of 'church parade'.

Since this I have discussed Army Education with a soldier friend in a technical corps. He informed me that amongst his lot very poor instruction is given in the technical work of the unit, owing to the ignorance of the N.C.O.s. When I asked about general education, he replied 'I have never even heard about any lectures!'

M.O.I. = G.P.1

MEANWHILE, our Ministry of Information is suffering badly from 'locomotor ataxy'. Irreverent persons are indeed beginning to distinguish it from the G.P.O. by styling it the G.P.1. The Ministry have finally reached a decision to do nothing until the end of the War in the hope of avoiding further ridicule from the Press.

Fascism Fails

INCIDENTALLY, I was disappointed in the way our Press dealt with the Italian defeats. Surely this was no time to laugh at the Italian people and thus stultify Mr. Churchill's speech.

What they should have said was 'Here is Fascism, the brand new super system which is supposed to be so efficient. Under the old regime in 1911 Libya was quickly swept of the Turks. In the last war the army of Austria, an army staffed by the best German officers, was withstood. Caporetto was followed by Vittorio Veneto, in point of physical size the greatest victory in the history of the world. Under Fascism, however, there is disaster even against the little kingdom of Greece.'

The new Nazi control followed by the fall of Benghazi might have formed the subject of a cartoon captioned 'Ristorante Mussolini, under Entirely New Management—Menu unchanged.'

The Church in the New Age

by DOROTHY L. SAYERS

An uncompromising statement on the Church's function in the community by a distinguished laywoman who is more widely known as the creator of Lord Peter Wimsey. Her outspoken utterances on the Church's attitude towards morality at a recent ecclesiastical conference led to bitter newspaper controversy

It is not yet clear what the 'New Age' of the world is going to be like. But however it may turn out, the Church's duty towards it will be one and the same, namely, to bear resolute and incorruptible witness against it.

This is the business of the Church in every age, no matter how enlightened. Indeed, the greater the enlightenment the more vigorously must the Church protest, not merely against the open vices of the age but against the dangerous development of its virtues. That the world can be saved by its own righteousness is the old, pathetic, pagan fallacy that has brought civilisation after civilisation crashing into ruin at the very moment when it had enthusiastically proclaimed the triumph of its new order and the establishment by law of perpetual peace and security.

The astringent but salutary truth,

which the Christian Church is called upon to uphold in the face of all builders of earthly paradises, is that every human good contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is not of this world.

Pagan's Preserve

The primary delusion of the enlightened pagan is an incurable optimism about human nature. He is persuaded that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with man, and that if only his exterior circumstances could be satisfactorily adjusted he would settle down in peace and security to be as good and happy as the day is long. Admittedly, things *now* are not all they should be: sometimes the enlightened pagan imagines that the Golden Age lies in the past, and that man needs only make an effort to return to it—sometimes, that it lies somewhere in the future, and that he has only to evolve and educate himself towards it. There was jam yesterday, or there will be jam to-morrow; in the meantime he trots along with the delectable thing slung before his nose, in the wistful hope that if he goes fast enough he may succeed in overtaking to-morrow or catching up with yesterday. When he has done that he will, he thinks, be able to sit down and eat his jam for ever.

But the pagan has his moments of pessimism, when the way seems long and the prize remote, or when some fearful crisis in the world's affairs reminds him that in all history there is no evidence of any real progress towards a final security of moral perfection. At such moments he loses all faith, crying that man is no better than the beasts that perish, that the world is an irrational anarchy, and that good and evil are fancies without a meaning.

The Church is at once more pessimistic and more optimistic than the pagan. More pessimistic, because she insists that the root of man's trouble is not in his circumstances but in himself; that although his true nature is good, and indeed divine, there is a radical corruption in his will that makes him continually run counter to himself, so that even when he knows the good, he cannot and will not do it. More optimistic, because she refuses categorically to segregate the Kingdom of Heaven in unget-at-able nooks and corners of history. It is not yesterday or to-morrow, it is neither here nor there: it is never and nowhere, yet, being eternal, it is also everywhere and to-day available always and for everybody: it is a state of the soul, and not an event in time.

Render unto Caesar . . .

Consequently, the clamour that the Church, as such, should lead the world in measures of practical reform, or ally herself with political systems to establish administrative perfection, is wholly misconceived and mischievous. The Church may not identify herself with any human scheme of perfection, for in so doing she identifies herself not only with its virtues but also with its inherent errors and corruptions, so when these latter in time accumulate to bring about catastrophe, the Church will be found clinging to the rotten platform on which she has come to rely.

Her mission is not to support any system, but to display the eternal standards by which systems are judged; and to make Christian men who will bring their systems to the bar of that judgment. Her vocation, in short, is not to sanction measures, but to sanctify mankind.

The last three hundred years in

Europe offer a striking object-lesson of what happens when the Church allows her standards to approximate to, and be supported by, the standards of the 'Cæsar' of enlightened opinion. These three centuries have seen the loosening, in the name of progress, evolution, and equality of opportunity, of all the religious controls to which money was (theoretically, at least) subjected throughout the Middle Ages. At the same time, the power of wealth became detached from its original connection with labour and the land, to become that irresponsible autocrat which we call 'finance'! The Church gave way—not, indeed, without protest—until, in the industrial nineteenth century, we find her acquiescing in the autonomy of wealth to a degree which would have shocked her in less enlightened times. Christian priests were ready to call 'honest thrift' conduct which their predecessors would bluntly have called sinful avarice; Christian business men were ready to practise sharp dealing six days a week, and listen comfortably on Sunday to homilies which would

Compound for sins they were inclined to
By damning those they had no mind to—

to wit, those disreputable and disorderly sins which the Church might conveniently scourge without offending a Cæsar who had no use for them either.

Property and Propriety

For if the Church of the Age of Property was respectable, so was property itself. Property owns shares in respectability. It thrives by stable marriages and legitimate families, by which property can be consolidated and inherited without dispute and without disturbance. In upholding the rights of property, the Church was, in fact, calling in the help of Cæsar to support her very righteous insistence upon the sanctity of marriage and the family. Nothing could be more in line with the fashionable doctrine of 'enlightened self-interest'.

Enter Mammon

But a later development brought the Church under judgment for this corruption of her methods and standards. The inherent evil of the virtues of thrift and freedom accumulated to produce its own disorders. Free avarice issued in a social and economic situation that became wholly intolerable, and plunged the world into a fearful succession of class disputes and international wars of which we cannot yet see the end.

Meanwhile, the power of wealth had left the landowner, and even the individual rich man and his family, to become vested in the impersonal Trust or Company, whose life was immortal, and its tenure no longer bound up with anybody's personal morals. Cæsar was no longer concerned to preserve the family or enforce chastity on the individual, and the Church was left to cry desolately in the wilderness against a collapse of respectability caused largely by the financial immorality which she had omitted to rebuke and on which she had unconsciously relied to prevent it.

Thus the Church herself suffers judgment. She must now preach virtue for its own sake—not only without the aid of Cæsar but very likely in direct opposition to him. For if she values her life, she must strenuously resist the temptation of again trying to enlist Cæsar against himself. If, awakened to the sin of financial corruption, she allies herself with a new Cæsar to set up the property-less state, she may easily find

herself identified with a system worse than indifferent to her ideas about sexual morality.

As the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution have shown, the first reaction against the sanctity of property is generally accompanied by a reaction against the sanctity of marriage; naturally, since to facilitate the concentration of wealth and power in the hand of the state it is necessary to break up, as far as possible, all individual attachments, either to the family or to the land. Hence we find in the Totalitarian States the forced movement of labour and the attempts to destroy the family, whether by permitting easy divorce or by sundering the intimate ties of parental control.

If, indeed, a Cæsar does set out to encourage virtue, it is less likely to be in virtue's own interests than for the sake of racial purity, military solidarity, or some other specious good fraught with possibilities of evil.

No Allies, No 'Isms'

Thus in the New Age, as in every age, the Church is a Church Militant, resisting treason from within as well as assaults from without, sustaining a desperate war upon all fronts, refusing all alliances and all campaigns for driving out the devil by Beelzebub, or dividing Cæsar in order to rule by his aid.

She must call for a more equitable distribution of wealth; but she must not back Communism or Socialism against Capitalism, for she may not admit the false assumption behind all three—that man lives by bread alone, and that the basis of society is economic.

She must continue to assert the sanctity of the body; but she must remember that to prostitute science to commercialism or the intellect to sentimentality is just as immoral as to prostitute the body to lust, and issues in still more disastrous perversions.

Economics Is Not Enough

She must set herself to remove the scandal of unemployment; but she must not pretend that this ill can be cured by mere adjustments of wages and markets. She must go far deeper than this, and say plainly that what matters is the work itself—that it should be both well done and worth doing. So long as useless work is created to manufacture employment, or needful work left undone because it is uneconomic, or men are paid to be idle lest their work should spoil the market, or workers will agree to work badly lest good work should lower the wage-rate, so long will the problem of labour remain insoluble.

Until work is lifted out of the sphere of economics and considered in terms of God, man, and matter, there can be no economic justice; and in this matter the Church must countenance no compromise.

Still more urgently, perhaps, at this moment, the Church must remind the world of the paradox about peace: that peace is the work of Grace and not of the Law, and that therefore to seek to enforce peace by law is to go the surest way towards making war inevitable. Law rests on power; and so soon as the power enforcing peace becomes corrupt, peace will become more intolerable than war, and blood will be its argument. Law can make peace in this world, but it will not be enduring; Grace can make an enduring peace, but it will not be of this world and the law cannot be invoked to maintain it.

The Church, in fact, when true to herself, is neither optimist nor pessimist, but realist, seeing clearly the divided will in man that requires him to live

upon two planes at once. She will not say with the pessimist that all good is merely relative, nor with the optimist that absolute perfection is attainable by human effort within the frame of history. She maintains that all man's good is indeed only relative, but relative to a good which is absolute, and to which, by Grace, he can relate it—not at some distant future time, but here and now.

When the world has long trusted in its own righteousness, and has fallen under the ensuing judgment, it is apt to turn angrily to the Church, asking where is her leadership and why is she not rushing out to wave blue-prints for Paradise in the van of the modern movement. But the Church is not concerned with new movements but with eternal truth; and it is pretty safe to say that whenever she is to be found in the van of the current movement she is not leading it but merely being swept away by the current. Her real leadership is being exercised by her prophets, elsewhere and unnoticed. In her worst moments the Church is never without her witnesses, and to-day the best Christian thinkers are writing and speaking of world events with an insight and profundity which make the ablest efforts of the secular reformers look like schoolboys' essays.

Whether the Church appears to be before or behind the times depends a good deal on the way the times are going; the man in the right place will always be behind the man who is running full tilt in the wrong direction. But it is nearer the truth to say that all error moves in a vicious circle, and that when its revolution of destruction has fulfilled itself it will see the truth standing where it has always stood—neither in front nor behind, but at the centre.

AN AMERICAN'S LAST TESTAMENT

I appeal only to those who realise that we Americans are already, with the British, the last stout survivors on a sinking ship. I appeal only to those who love life, but are willing to face death so that life may go on. . . . Our job is to restore our own faith for living, and to lay the foundations of a world in which life—love, freedom, justice, truth—will once more be sacred.

If we rise to the task, we will have our good moments; the sacrifice will not be unrelieved. . . . To those who would abandon the very hope of struggle I would repeat the counsel that Krishna offered Arjuna on the eve of battle, as told in the Bhagavad-Gita. Like the slack liberals, the pacifists, the wormy business men, the shirking politicians, Arjuna hesitated, debated, had specious moral scruples. Like them, he clung to the hope of safety in a situation that did not permit him to enjoy it. Victory, Krishna pointed out, is never guaranteed beforehand. What is important for man is to attend to the overwhelming duty of the moment, in a spirit of emancipated understanding. 'Counting gain or loss as one, prepare for battle!' . . . The words of Jesus are ultimate in their wisdom, 'He that loseth his life shall find it.'

—from LEWIS MUMFORD'S *Faith for Living*.

The New Deal Under the Third Term

by ALLAN A. MICHIE

War has artificially solved the New Deal's worst problem—unemployment. Yet, elastic as it is, says this well-known American journalist now in London, its 'forward movement' must cease for the Duration. For the U.S.A. must first help to bring a 'New Deal' to Europe

THE forward movement of America's New Deal came to a halt on September 3, 1939. It will remain halted until long after the Armistice has brought the second World War to an end.

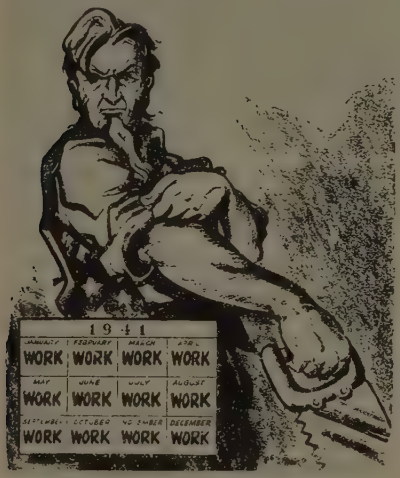
In order to understand this, it is necessary to clarify the character of the New Deal under President Roosevelt's first and second terms. A great amount has been written and spoken about the New Deal, and undoubtedly the dynamic personality of Mr. Roosevelt and the advisers around him has contributed to give many Britons, and not a few Americans, an exaggerated impression of the New Deal as a social philosophy which has radically altered American life.

The New Deal was not an economic revolution. It was not even a well-defined programme. In fact, President Roosevelt mentioned the slogan 'new deal' only vaguely during his first campaign in 1932, partly because he did not wish to risk alarming conservative Democrats who might otherwise not have voted for him, but largely because he himself had no clear idea of what his 'new deal' was to be if he won the election. In the broadest sense, therefore, the New Deal was nothing but a series of laws enacted on the spur of the moment to meet the fear, the social unrest, and the economic dislocation which the depression had spread across the country. For the most part these measures were admittedly a stop-gap, to be discarded as soon as business conditions improved.

In retrospect, the President has described the New Deal as having three R's for its aims—Relief, Recovery, and Reform. However, most of the emergency legislation overlapped so that it covered two, and often three, of the aims. W.P.A. (work relief), for example, served both as a relief and a recovery measure. The housing programme began as a recovery measure in order to stimulate the building industry, but ended as a reform achievement by the eradication of slums and the advancement of low-cost housing schemes.

To those who have observed the Roosevelt Administration at work the New Deal falls into four distinct phases. The first phase lasted from Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration on March 4, 1933, until the end of the year. It was an emergency period. It included the now-famed Hundred Days, during which the President had to deal with a nation-

wide bank failure and the need for immediate relief for the workless, and produced the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the National Industrial Recovery Act, and the Public Works Administration, the Roosevelt Government's first efforts to assist the country to re-



UNCLE SAM'S PROGRAMME: AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN CARTOONIST

cover from the depression. The second New Deal, which lasted until November of 1934, introduced long-range reform measures, the most monumental of which has been the highly successful Tennessee Valley Authority, which has applied regional planning to bring low-cost power and irrigation benefits to a vast area of America's south.

The third period, which came to an end with the mid-term election in 1938, when a swing to conservative candidates indicated a falling-off of New Deal popularity, has been called the time of 'Executive Absolutism' because it included unprecedented but typical Rooseveltian efforts to purge his party of conservative diehards and lead a lagging Congress to more advanced reform measures. Despite the jubilation in the anti-Roosevelt Press over his purge failures and the defeat of his attempt to modernise the Supreme Court, this was Mr. Roosevelt's most fruitful period. In it he produced the Wagner Act, which set up the National Labour Relations Board and guaranteed American labour its right to organise, and laid the foundations for most of the New Deal reform measures, which will live long after Mr. Roosevelt has left the political scene. The fourth New Deal, most significant from Britain's point of view, began about the time of Munich, in 1938, and has been marked less by domestic affairs than by the President's activity in the international field.

With the three R's in mind, it is obvious why the New Deal came to a temporary end at the outbreak of the war. The demands of the belligerents, especially Britain, for airplanes and munitions took care of both the New Deal's Relief and Recovery aims. The expenditure of £2,500,000,000 for British war orders placed in America up to the end of 1940 has more than provided the 'pump-primer' for industrial recovery which the New Dealers have unsuccessfully sought during the past seven years.

As a result the United States is now on the edge of the greatest boom period since 1929. More men and women are working than at any time for eleven years—more than at any time in American history except for the first six months of the boom year of 1929. The Defence Commission estimates that by December 1941, six million more men will be employed in armament and allied industries. In shipbuilding yards, with British orders still pouring in, employment is doubling every twelve months: employment in

the aircraft industries in mid-1940 was two and a half times as great as at the start of 1939. The machine tool factories are employing twice as many workers to-day as they were in 1939, while the steel mills are operating at full capacity. Although the industries which have received the greatest benefits are those producing war materials—planes, chemicals, ammunition, machine tools, tanks, and merchant vessels—industry in general has already been stimulated. During 1940 increases from five to thirty per cent were noted in the sales of automobiles, household furnishings, liquor, cinema tickets and cigarettes. This is only the first phase of a boom: the total mobilisation of America's national economy into one vast production effort has yet to come.

Two R's—and F.D.R.

Although vastly increased expenditures on America's own defence measures will undoubtedly bring an end to Government-sponsored public works and work relief projects, this will be more than offset by the fact that American industry, encouraged by the armaments boom and subsidised in part by British advances, is in the midst of a terrific expansion and replacement programme. Both expansion and replacement have been artificially retarded since the beginning of the President's second term because American businessmen voted 'no confidence' in the Roosevelt Administration.

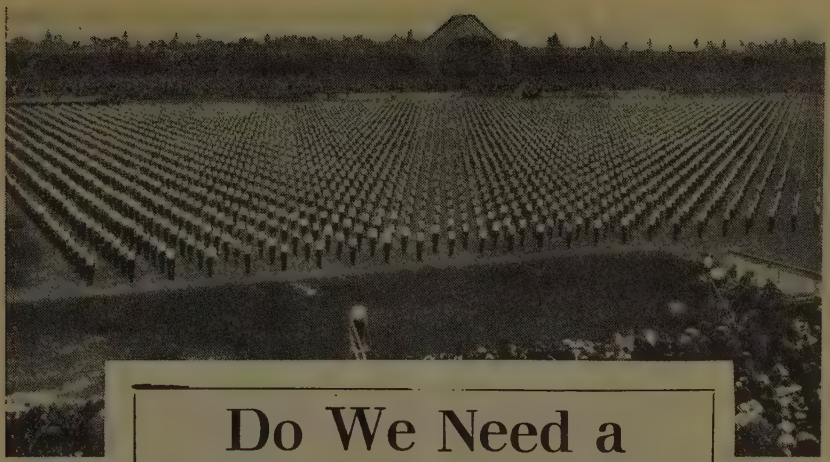
As the war in Europe has provided America with the solutions to her Relief and Recovery problems, so has it turned America's attention outward, away from the third R—Reform. I have said that the New Deal's forward movement stopped on the outbreak of war. It did for Mr. Roosevelt and his far-sighted advisers, who saw from the start what America's place in the conflict was to be, but the bulk of the American people continued to act as if their domestic policies were the only thing that mattered, until sometime just after the re-election of President Roosevelt in November 1940, when the majority of Americans made up their minds that democracy, if it was worth saving as a form of government, was worth fighting for.

Mental 'New Deal'

Had not the war interfered, the American people were determined to set 1940 aside as a year in which they could debate their domestic economic policies in a presidential election. Ever since 1938 there had been a decided swing away from President Roosevelt, largely because his two terms had failed to produce any noticeable change in the depression's most pressing problem, unemployment.

The collapse of France changed all that, and America's preoccupation with domestic affairs went up in the smoke of Dunkirk. From then on, the American people slowly began to realise that the Maginot Line no longer gave them the security to be Isolationists. As Britain fought off the Luftwaffe, and the incredible courage of the British people began to emerge, Americans went through the intellectual torment of discarding old ideas and forging new ones. By election time their minds were made up.

There is no suggestion that the American people will abandon any of the New Deal's reforms. Despite the emergencies of wartime, which might be used as a reactionary cloak to abolish or modify many of the New Deal measures, they will fight to preserve their gains. But their first interest is to assist in bringing a 'new deal' to Europe.



Do We Need a 'Youth Movement'?

by EIRENE LLOYD JONES

We have led the way in voluntary youth organisations, but not more than 30 or 40 per cent of our boys and girls belong to them. Can—or should—a democratic country solve the youth welfare problem without resort to the paraphernalia of a 'Youth Movement' on the Continental model?

In 1938 we heard a great deal about the Czech 'Sokol': in 1939 a great deal about the Finnish training of youth; in 1940 we saw occasional newspaper photographs of young men and women belonging to the Greek and Turkish national youth movements, while for many years we have heard the arguments for, and still more against, the Hitler Jugend and the Italian Ballila. If youth movements flourish so well in other countries, both democratic and totalitarian, why is it that we have not had in this country anything that merits such a name? Are we missing something of vital importance, or are we wiser to go on in our present piecemeal way?

The truth is, of course, that in Great Britain we have had for many years a far greater number and variety of youth organisations than most other countries. There have been the sports clubs of all kinds and sizes, the groups attached to religious denominations, the great Scout and Guide movements, boys' clubs and girls' clubs, ramblers, cyclists and Youth Hostellers and,

The photograph shows a Sokol display, before the Germans entered Prague

finally, the educational Evening Institutes, which are tending to develop more and more into social centres. There is here such strength, both actual and potential, that we might be forgiven for regarding with detachment those countries which are in the unfortunate position of having to 'work up' youth movements of their own.

Why, then, if everything is so satisfactory, has the Government in the past three or four years made so many attempts 'to do something about Youth'? They began with the National Fitness Council in 1937. Everyone soon decided that it was a hopeless failure, and in the week in which war was declared its elaborate administrative machine disappeared. Instead we were presented with a National Youth Committee, with local Youth Committees attached to each higher education authority. In the course of the next nine months or so nothing very startling happened, but last August the President of the Board of Education decided to produce a 'Directorate' to co-operate with the War Office in youth training. Despite fears to the contrary, it has proved as harmless as its predecessors—and no more effective.

Movements and Motives

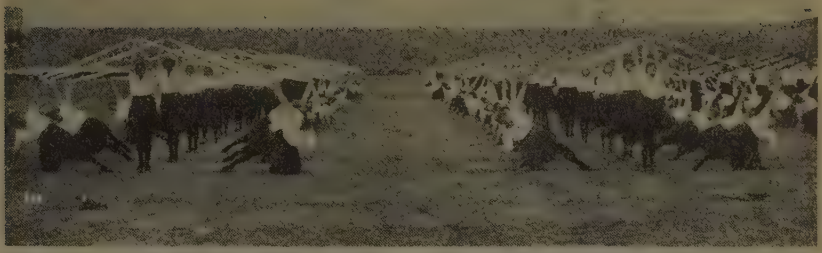
The general public has been more or less indifferent to all this, though in the earlier years it was suspicious of anything that could be labelled 'militarism'. It may, therefore, be surmised that each time the Board of Education has taken a step, it is because it has been prodded from behind by a small number of interested persons who insisted that something more must be done. An analysis of their different motives will bring us much nearer to the heart of the Youth problem in this country. The people concerned are, first, the representatives of the existing voluntary youth organisations; then there are the medical and physical training experts; finally, there is the group of those who believe that some fundamental changes are necessary before we can say that we have done what we ought for our young men and women.

The big National Juvenile Organisations represented at the Standing Conference are very much like the big Trade Unions. In their early days they were pioneers, and fought with courage for their existence. But that pioneer stage is long since past. They have become just as respectable as the Trade Unions and look on anyone with really fresh ideas rather as the Trade Unions looked on Sir Stafford Cripps.

All is Not Well

The 'Big Twelve' admit that all is not well. Figures prove that not more than 30 to 40 per cent of our boys and girls between 14 and 18 years belong to any recognised organisation. Some of the rest, probably the most enterprising of all, provide for their own activities, either by themselves or in small groups, but the remainder simply drift through adolescence into marriage and parenthood without even tasting the joy or experiencing the discipline of a mind or body used intelligently to its utmost limit in purposeful action.

The plea of the 'Big Twelve' is that given more financial support and more voluntary help they could deal with the greater part of the 'unattached' young people. It is simply a matter of extending the range of their technique, not in any important respect of changing the technique itself. They make constant demands on the Board of Education, not for guidance but for increased financial support. In so far as the recent schemes have extended the



THE SOKOL SPECIALISED IN GYMNASTICS. WAS IT TOO STRENUOUS?

RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRLS CELEBRATE THE FIRST OF MAY

basis of grant-aid to voluntary bodies, they are satisfied, and have far more reason to be content with recent legislation than have the other two groups.

But there are many thoughtful people who, while giving full credit to these organisations for the quite admirable work which they are doing, do not believe that they will ever achieve their wider objective and wish that they were capable of taking a more clear-sighted view of their own limitations. Most of them, as they often remind us, have been in the business between thirty and fifty years. The demands they make, as well as the opportunities they offer, do not appeal to all types of modern youth.

The medical and physical training experts have far less cause for rejoicing than the voluntary organisations, though it is mainly to the physical needs of youth that our legislators' attention has been directed. The standard of physical achievement, especially among

boys, is lamentably low, and the experts, pointing to other countries and to some very remarkable experiments in our own country, say to the Board: 'Why, when you know that these things are possible, do you not take strong action and stop tinkering?'

Raising the Sub-Standard

Several years ago when army recruiting was at its lowest, those in charge of physical education decided to see what they could do with batches of recruits who were 'sub-standard' yet had no grave organic defects. Not only was there a striking improvement in general physique, but certain specific disabilities were corrected which, if neglected, might have caused serious trouble in later life. The passing of the Physical Training and Recreation Act in 1937 led one to hope that these inestimable benefits would be extended by degrees to the rest of the population. But no such attempt was made until the advent of war swept away the National Fitness Council and gave the Services a free hand. The Training College for leaders, mentioned in the Act, never grew beyond paper plans—and a site 'somewhere in Surrey'. It was the same with open-air activities.

A few grants were scattered here and there and a National Camps Corporation was set up, but, like the Fitness Council, its autonomy was more apparent than real, and it was prevented from going either far enough or fast enough.

Rail fares were allowed to go up without any special provision being made for youngsters to get to the countryside. No fight was made to grant an adequate annual holiday to boys and girls in industry. One week was considered enough for them, compared with twelve or more weeks for the secondary school child.

Improvements were made in health insurance, but a scheme for proper medical supervision during the years of adolescence was beyond us, so it seemed.

It is not surprising that the men who best understand the potentialties of the human body and the consequences of its neglect feel that some new driving force is needed, which, even in wartime, will not be satisfied with the recall of a few physical training instructors from the army.

It is here that the third group steps in. They feel that the experience of the past few years has shown that we have yet to find the man, or group of men, capable not only of seeing the problem as a whole, but also of devising the administrative machinery to deal with it.

Whence the Inspiration?

The present Board of Education is constitutionally incapable of doing so, even if it had the necessary vision. Enterprising local education authorities can do a good deal, but not quite all that their advocates claim for them—nor are they all enterprising. The national voluntary organisations are definitely interested in their own way of salvation first and in the general problem second. The physical training experts are also, to some degree, sectional in outlook. The medical men are unable, single-handed, to persuade people to accept the standards that they consider essential. Whence, then, is the inspiration to come?

Must we, to obtain what we need, go in for the paraphernalia of a Youth Movement, with badges, possibly uniforms—and perhaps a Fuehrer? A Youth Movement, that is to say, imposed from above, whether membership be compulsory or voluntary. The other kind of youth movement—no

capitals—cannot be discussed in terms of necessity. It either arises spontaneously or it does not. You cannot legislate for it. It is only at certain moments of history that the two are combined, moments when a tide of feeling surges through an entire nation, uniting all sections, governing and governed.

We should be Experimenting

That feeling does not exist in this country except for the prosecution of the war. It appears to many dangerous to assume a unanimity on the larger issues of religious, social, and political thought. There is also an element of danger in utilising such feeling as exists on behalf of an avowedly 'pre-military' training scheme, the danger being not so much in the scheme itself, as in the fact that it might be jettisoned in the immediate post-war years, leaving an even more dangerous vacuum.

It is, of course, possible that in those years we may see the emergence of a real youth movement, led by the young men and women who are now in the forces or working overtime on production. It is also to be hoped that we shall put into force an up-to-date version of the Fisher Act, but the extent to which it will be up to date depends a good deal on the lines of development in so-called leisure-time activities to be worked out in the next few years.

These considerations lead one to welcome the hesitation of those in authority to embark on an all-embracing national scheme, but the timid substitutes that they offer, and their inability to handle the vested interests concerned, lead one equally to despair. Short of solving the problem of society in general, we are not going to find an ideal solution of the problems of youth in particular, but, meanwhile, we can and should be carrying out a policy of bold experimentation along the lines that seem most likely to fit in with modern needs.

It would be reasonable to take as terms of reference the fact that even in

'B-P' MADE HIS YOUTH MOVEMENT WORLDWIDE

favourable circumstances the national organisations are not likely to absorb more than 50 per cent of the population between 16 and 18 years of age. Attention should, therefore, be concentrated on the remaining 50 per cent, while not forgetting that there are wider considerations affecting all young people.

Official but Limited

Is the Board of Education, as at present constituted, a suitable body for conducting experiments along new lines, or is there any other body better suited to the task? The answer appears to be in the negative.

The Board cannot support or initiate individual experiments, for fear of

showing favouritism. It has to wait until a project can be universalised before it can take cognisance of it. It cannot pick its men, give them a free hand and learn from the results. It cannot risk backing a failure and, therefore, never has the chance to back a winner. Yet there is no other body that has its resources and, even more important, the confidence of and, so to speak, a 'right of entry' to the local education authorities, without whose ultimate confidence and sympathy no future large-scale developments will stand much chance.

The authorities, on the other hand, while they can carry out individual experiments with far greater freedom, cannot stand above themselves and survey the field as a whole.

Anyone who has read the recently published autobiography of Dr. Abraham Flexner, one time secretary to the General Education Board in America, cannot help wishing that for the next five years that Board could be transplanted in time and space, so that in the post-war years one could have ready to hand both a body of evidence and a group of men with which an advance could be made. We need for welfare of youth a body with wisdom, resource, and an eye for the strategic point, that could both study and experiment, go through trial and error, and be able to draw general conclusions from the results.

A small beginning is being made with the active and intelligent group who are investigating the possibilities of the County Badge, by far the most promising of recent developments. But even with strong private support their scope will be limited.

The tragedy of the misconceived National Fitness Council becomes even clearer, because it was that body which should have been designed for these purposes. To our misfortune, those who planned it first overburdened it with the kind of grant-aid procedure which belongs properly to a central government department and then, fearful of what they had done, tied it so closely to that department that it had no possible freedom of action or initiative.

One of the problems of democratic bureaucracy is to provide for the 'spearheads of attack'. It is becoming increasingly difficult for private enterprise to provide them in sufficient number or strength. But only by finding one are we likely to make a general advance in the welfare of youth, without submitting ourselves to the relatively easy totalitarian procedure of imposing a 'Youth Movement'.

DOES HE NEED A YOUTH MOVEMENT?

MR. SPAAK

Mr. Spaak and Mr. Bech

MR. BECH

by H. R. MADOL

Hans Roger Madol, historian and journalist, has published books in ten different countries. He specialises in biographies of royalty. To him the Foreign Ministers of Belgium and Luxemburg have given their first press-interviews since the invasion of those countries. M. Spaak wishes us drastically to revise our judgment of King Leopold: M. Bech gives us a sympathetic portrait of the Grand Duchess

Two of the prominent European statesmen now in London are Messieurs Spaak and Bech, both of them for many years the Prime Ministers and leaders of the Governments of their respective countries.

It is quite clear to-day that the world's first reaction to King Leopold's decision to lay down arms was both rash and unjust. The King, who under the Belgian constitution is in supreme command of his army, did not find it easy to collaborate with the French, who mistrusted him. At moments of crisis people are always on the look-out for scapegoats. In France, people who were afraid of being blamed themselves blamed King Leopold. But there was certainly no 'lack of conscience' on the King's part. Many of his closest relations have told us that, on the contrary, he suffered from too much conscience: that he was ceaselessly, night and day, aware of his heavy responsibilities.

M. Spaak's study, in a newly-decorated and spacious house in Belgravia, is a big room. Its large windows admit as much light as the climate of London allows. I offered him my congratulations on his happy escape from Spain.

'How is it that you have been able to manage where King Carol apparently failed?' I asked.

'I really couldn't tell you,' he answered. 'Powerful and friendly connections have made it possible for us, but we must not reveal any names as it might have grave consequences for the people involved. Our gratitude must be silent, or else their help will have been ill-rewarded. And you are perfectly right to call it an "escape". Although we stayed at quite a decent sort of

hotel, we were practically prisoners in Spain, unable to communicate with the outer world, continually followed and watched by the Secret Police. We were, by the way, under the impression that King Carol of Rumania had left Spain before us; and I am afraid we made things difficult for him, as naturally after our departure the watch over political refugees in Spain became still more severe.'

Paris Press *versus* Leopold

Since the Belgian tragedy, there is in his voice, when he recalls the fate of his country, an echo of all the dramatic experiences he has had to witness. I remember 1936, when I sat opposite him at his table, while he had a talk over the telephone with the French Government. They wanted to recall yet another ambassador from Brussels, where M. Spaak had just inaugurated his policy of reaffirming Belgian neutrality, independent of her two powerful and antagonistic neighbours. Spaak had then insisted upon the French Ambassador's remaining at Brussels, urging the French Government to realise that unless this was done there would inevitably be more rumours about the weakening of the traditional friendship between the two countries.

King Leopold had only one wish: to save his country by this new policy. And on that occasion Spaak said to me: 'Please, will you forget what you have heard?' I certainly did forget—as a journalist; but I knew then that I had by chance been present at a scene of some historical importance. And ever afterwards I could not help remembering M. Spaak's efforts, when French mistrust of Belgium steadily increased.

'King Leopold,' M. Spaak remarked, 'always had a very bad press in France.'

'At any rate, *Monsieur le Ministre*,' I interposed, 'you don't subscribe to the unflattering epithets so lavishly flung at your King in recent press campaigns? Didn't they call him a Royal Quisling?'

'There isn't a word of truth in it,' M. Spaak said.

'It is painful to speak of the events of last May. Too many cruel moments come back to my mind, and, in this hour of need, it is the duty of all Belgians to unite and avoid discussions. But I must repeat that the accusation of treachery made against the King is unjustifiable. I have the right to affirm this, the more so as it is now universally known that my colleagues and I did *not* agree with the King as to what policy to follow after the capitulation of the Belgian Army. Ought he to continue the struggle from outside the country, and so fulfil all his obligations as Head of the State? Or should he remain, as chief of the Army, with his troops? His decision is known.

'Mr. Cudahy, the American Ambassador to Belgium, was right in defending the King to whom he had been accredited?' I asked.

Ruritania on the Moselle

'I am grateful for Mr. Cudahy's efforts, at a very difficult moment, to defend Belgium's King and Army. What he said is very near the truth. There is, however, one point on which I do not share his sentiments: I think that the Belgian Army, contrary to Mr. Cudahy's opinion, had a perfect right to abandon Belgian territory in order to continue the fight in France, if, by doing so, our soldiers could contribute effectively to the common effort.'

The Luxemburg Foreign Minister, a member of his Government since 1921, has twelve years of experience as Prime Minister of his country. A liberal

and broadminded statesman, he based his policy on the principles of Geneva, and, when Geneva failed, he was one of the promoters of the so-called Oslo group of neutral powers.

What a contrast between the noisy vestibule of the West End hotel, where he now resides, and the charming quietness of the little town on the banks of the river Moselle, where he has passed most of his life! What a glitter of picturesque uniforms, belonging to soldiers of all the Allied Armies, in this modern lounge which vibrates with the bustle of London! It seems so far away from the patrician simplicity of the eighteenth-century town house where I went to see M. Bech some years ago. It was then hardly possible to imagine that the delightful little Grand Duchy, which looked as if it came straight out of a Hans Andersen fairy tale, could be engulfed in the horrors of war.

Monsieur Bech, like his Belgian colleague, has recently passed some time in Spain and Portugal. His friends had reason to be concerned about his welfare, and at the beginning of the German invasion there were even rumours of his having been shot. He left Lisbon in the same aeroplane as the Belgian Government.

Emergency Plans—

'Although no German ultimatum preceded the occupation of our territory on May the tenth,' he told me, 'we had had sufficient time and foresight to prepare ourselves. As early as 11 p.m. on the ninth, we had been informed that the German troops had received orders to invade Luxemburg at 4 a.m. next morning. The Germans were already more or less established in our country, and members of the Fifth Column were already at their posts. We had had some concrete barricades constructed near the German frontier. The Fifth Column sabotaged them, and lives were lost.

—And Flight

'When she received this news the Grand Duchess Charlotte and her family, who had for the first time since September 1939 passed the night in a castle near the German frontier, returned at once to the town of Luxemburg.'

'Your departure was prepared, then?'

THE GAULEITER TRAMPLED HER PORTRAIT

'Of course. At Government councils we had often discussed the possibility of a German invasion, and the measures to be taken in such an event. We had decided, long before the 10th of May, that the Sovereign, her family and the members of the Government should flee. The country was unable to defend herself: there was hardly any army to resist the invasion. The international political status of the Grand Duchy, as well as the smallness of her military

resources, were against it. The Sovereign had to escape being captured by the Germans in order to avoid being used as their tool. She and her Government chose the way of exile, which was also that of honour.

Dodging the Mitrailleuses

'It was a narrow escape! Since dawn on May the 10th the Germans had sent aeroplanes and dropped parachute troops armed with machine-guns on all the roads leading to France. This was to prevent the departure of the Grand Ducal family and the Government. Only on the evening of the next day, at Saint Ménéhould, were the Grand Duchess and her husband, Prince Felix of Bourbon-Luxemburg, able to find their children, who had succeeded in crossing the French frontier by another route, right through the German machine-gun detachments.'

'You didn't spend much time in France!' I remarked.

'No, alas! When the armistice was concluded we all left France for Portugal, where we were received with great cordiality. The Dowager Grand Duchess, mother of our Sovereign, aged eighty, who accompanied us on our flight, is the daughter of King Miguel of Portugal. She then came to London for a short time, after which she went with her family to the United States, where she had been invited by President Roosevelt. Several hundred thousand people of Luxemburg descent live in America, and they gave the sovereign of their former country an enthusiastic reception.'

'And what,' I asked, 'is happening meanwhile at Luxemburg? Do you get any news from home?'

'Certainly. We were informed that four hours after the invasion, when the German troops entered our capital, while the Grand Duchess was braving the menace of the German *mitrailleuses*, the Berlin envoy presented a high official of our Government with a note, proclaiming the necessity of occupying Luxemburg as a consequence of Belgian and Dutch complicity with France and Britain in a plan to invade Germany. As you see, no attempt was made to blame us. For at the end of August 1939, shortly before the outbreak of war, the German minister had given me an assurance, by which his Government promised solemnly to respect the frontiers and the neutrality of our country. The general feeling of the people of Luxemburg was, therefore, that the Germans *would* invade their country.'

'Has the Grand Duchy been annexed by the Germans?'

Schoolmaster into Gauleiter

'Not so far. The Third Reich has not yet absolutely taken over our territory. The Grand Duchess has not been officially deposed although in all his speeches Gauleiter Simon speaks of the "ex-sovereign" and maintains that, in leaving the country, she had abdicated. This former German schoolmaster, with his own hands, took down the portrait of the Grand Duchess at the hotel where he stayed, and in fury trampled it under his feet. He has abolished our constitution, dissolved our Chamber of Deputies and Council of State, and forbidden the use of French, the official language of Luxemburg for the last five centuries.

'He has ordered the memorial erected in memory of 3,000 Luxemburg volunteers who were killed during the last war when serving France, and all the monuments erected in 1939 to celebrate the centenary of our independence, to be destroyed. He could only find an Italian firm of builders to execute this

order, as no Luxemburg man would lend his hand to such destruction. The Gauleiter has *not* been successful in crushing the fierce resistance of the Luxemburg people. As I have just heard from a neutral witness, 99 per cent of the population remain loyal to their beloved sovereign and to the independence of their country, in spite of all the sufferings inflicted by the Gauleiter and the Gestapo.'

M. Bech is at present making all preparations for the return of the Grand Duchess to England.

'You probably know,' he added, 'that the Grand Duchess has chosen England for her eldest son's education. The Crown Prince Jean, now twenty years old, was educated at the Benedictine College at Ampleforth. His mother is a great admirer of the English public school system.'

'And what,' I asked, in conclusion, 'do you think the future has in store?'

'My faith in the victory of Britain and her allies—and we of Luxemburg are one of those allies, small as we are, —is complete,' M. Bech replied.

Turreted, gabled, a mélange of different styles, the Grand-Ducal Château of Colmar-Berg might have come out of Hans Andersen—or a musical comedy

THINGS OF EVERY DAY

SPECTACLES & BINOCULARS

by George Edinger

'HERE lies Armato degli Armati, the inventor of spectacles. May God forgive his sins. He died Anno Domini 1317.'

Thus the inscription on a gravestone in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Florence.

It is not there now. Indeed, one would be tempted to wonder whether it was ever there at all, the terse and concise epitaph is so unlike the usual run of diffuse and crabbed mediæval tributes to the dead. But that learned antiquary Leopold del Migliore vows that he saw it in 1680. And there is evidence to show that he was speaking the truth.

On February 23, 1305, a monk of Piacenza said in his sermon, 'It is not twenty years since there was discovered the art of making spectacles. I have spoken to the man who first made them.' Further a manuscript preserved in the archives of the Florentine Academy (it dates from 1289) laments that the writer was 'so weighted with years that he could not see without glasses invented lately for poor people whose sight is enfeebled.'

But twenty years before 1289, Marco Polo, the Venetian, travelled through all the dominions of the Great Khan Khublai, who ruled China and a great many other places besides. The Venetian gazed on many wonders; on the gold and silver dishes which flew of their own volition from Khublai's sideboard to Khublai's table; on the corpses of men lured from their caravans by the deceiving voices of evil spirits in the vast desert of Lop. But as great a wonder as any of these was the sight of Chinese scholars scanning their long scrolls through crystal lenses.

They told him that these were first devised by the scholar Cho Tso, who discovered the focusing properties of rock crystal while meditating in the Mountains of the Middle Kingdom. He framed the lenses in rims made from the shells of tortoises who swam in the mountain streams, by grinding them with sand out of the river bed. It would be fascinating to learn how he managed to do it. But it is not very important. For neither Cho Tso nor any other Chinese discovered lenses, though spectacles do seem to have been made in China, first of all.

Among actual lenses the first was a 'burning glass', and it was devised at Athens, probably in the fifth century B.C. Its purpose was not to magnify, but to focus the sun's rays on a wound and so cauterise it by fire. But no man

holding a glass sphere in his hand could help noticing that everything seen through it was suddenly enlarged.

Somehow the Greeks took their lenses—scholars are still discussing if they were made of glass or crystal—to India. Probably it was with the armies of Alexander the Great. Field surgeons may have laid them to the scars of Macedonian spearmen who fell injured by the javelins and arrows of the Indians as they battled their way

'Pythagoras': Woodcut, 1475

'Alchemist': Munich, 1570

'Scholar': 1634

'Politician': by Hogarth

Pince-nez glasses are always associated with scholars and dreamers. But diabolical little German chemists wear them too . . .

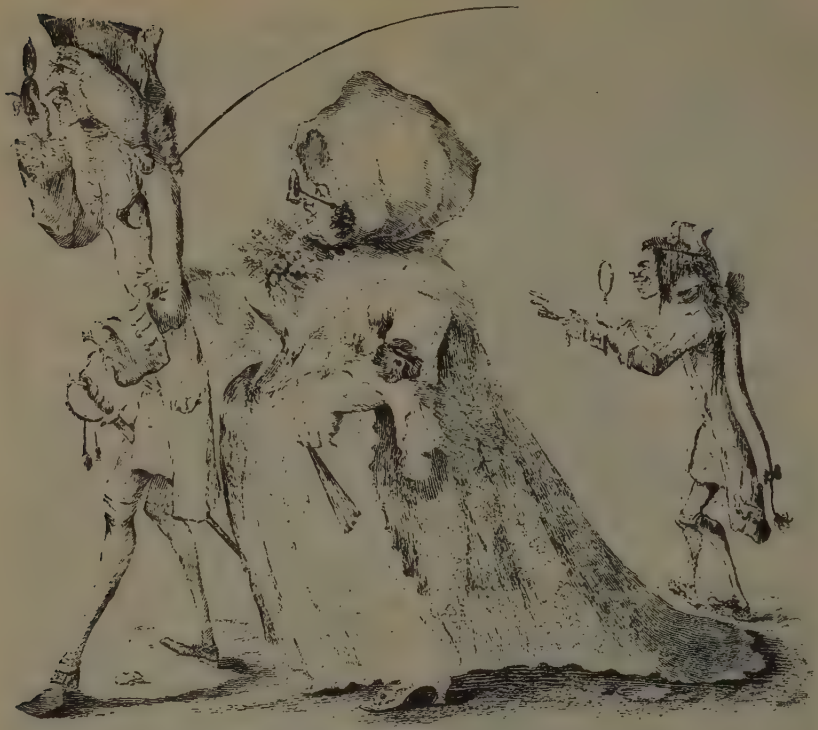
into the Punjaub. It is certain that no lenses were to be found in India in the fifth century B.C., when they were being used at Athens. It is also certain that the lens was known in India but not in China by the seventh century, when the T'Ang annals were begun. They talk of India as 'the country of the Fire Pearls'. 'These pearls are large and white and some are as large as a fowl's egg. When they are held over grass or mugwort it is at once set aflame by fire springing from the Pearl.'

Out of these fire pearls from India the Chinese had by 1260 devised spectacles, which were pretty generally in use throughout the country. In the West, however, the lens was still only understood by a few schools.

Roger Bacon knew all about convex lenses in 1270. Friar Bacon, instead of attending to his lectures, made two mirrors. By one of them you could light a candle at any hour of the day; in the other you could see what people were doing in the uttermost parts of the earth. The result was that the students spent their time lighting candles at the first mirror instead of studying books, and in the second seeing their friends dying so that they left Oxford to the ruination of the University.

This story, written in 1385, was clearly founded on facts. Obviously, the first mirror was an ordinary magnifying lens. But what was the second? Personally I believe there was more exaggeration than imagination in the tale. Bacon was a furiously gifted scholar with a curiosity exceeded only by his imagination. He designed a flying machine with wings. And he also devised the idea of a telescope if not the telescope itself.

'If anyone,' said Friar Bacon in 1270, 'examine any letters through a crystal or glass, if it be shaped like the lesser segment of a sphere, with the convex side towards the eye, he will see the letters far better. For this reason such an instrument is useful to old persons and those with weak eyes. For it is on the size of the angle on which this kind of vision depends. So we could make sun, moon and stars apparently descend here below. Glasses can be constructed so that objects at a very great distance appear close at hand and vice versa . . . so the heavens might be portrayed in all their length.'



Can you see what I see? Long Thomas and his lady-friend quiz their way to the Pantheon in London, 1773. Their lackey finds them funny.

This idea of a telescope probably started the story of the mirror that looked into the uttermost corners of the earth. Anyhow, Bacon was considered dangerous, and his mirrors were destroyed. Thus the invention of telescopes was delayed four hundred years.

Had Bacon been suffered to work on, Joan of Arc might have gazed on Orleans through field glasses, and there might even be photographs of Shakespeare!

Spectacles, however, had become well established, and as they were chiefly used for reading, and the old people who read much were monks, the monks were the chief spectacle wearers. A mediæval cloister, an armoured knight clattering to the door, a bespectacled brother admitting him . . . quaintly incongruous but historically quite correct. I recommend it to film directors.

The invention of printing was a blessing beyond the wildest imaginings of the opticians. For it created a tremendous supply of books and a corresponding rush to read them. Pick up an early edition of the Aldine Press, examine the tiny italic printing, then ask

yourself if the spectacle makers had not reason to rejoice.

Now it happened that one autumn morning in the year of grace 1608, Mynheer Johann Lepperhey, of the city of Leyden in the Netherlands, chanced to hold up the two lenses of a pair of spectacles towards the steeple of a nearby church. If Lepperhey had been a student of Roger Bacon he would probably have been less surprised to notice that the steeple of his parish church suddenly seemed to be coming nearer.

Lepperhey's magic lenses

As it was he rushed home, being careful to hold the two lenses at the same distance from each other, and fitted them into a leather tube to keep them there: the one nearest the eye had its concave surface turned outwards: the further one protruded its convexity out of the tube. He told his wife, he told his neighbours. He told the States General of the United Provinces of Holland and Zeeland. And straight-away they commanded him to make them two telescopes at 9,000 florins each.

Lepperhey worked on. While the world was more interested in the telescope than in its contriver, and Galileo was making bigger and better models of it till he could enlarge an object thirty times, the Dutchman bound two telescopes together, one for each eye and so made the first pair of binoculars.

Binoculars are unlike telescopes because they do not make things very much larger (three or four times at most), but they do make them much more distinct. Lepperhey's new device was taken up at the time by a few scholars and monks. But the telescope was so much more exciting that the new device was allowed to lapse. It is true that a Capuchin monk in Orleans was making binoculars for use in the field by the armies of his most Christian Majesty the infant King Louis XIV, in the middle of the seventeenth century, but after that nothing more was done about them for another three hundred years.

His name was Cherub

The original binoculars were just two telescopes adjusted for two eyes instead of one. Those devised by the Orleans Capuchin (his name was Cherub) adjusted them so that the distance between the eyes could be extended or contracted to suit the user. But these cumbersome things were over heavy to carry on a campaign, and generals, like admirals, preferred to use a telescope when they spied out the enemy.

By the nineteenth century binoculars had been made more compact and lighter. Napoleon could use them to descry the Austrian Whitecoats and the English Redcoats as they wheeled and formed to receive his cavalry, while Nelson, away in the Baltic, was putting his telescope to a blind eye.

For all occasions

In 1825 Lemière brought out an improved binocular with a central focusing apparatus that adjusted both eyes at once. After that the binoculars caught up with the telescopes.

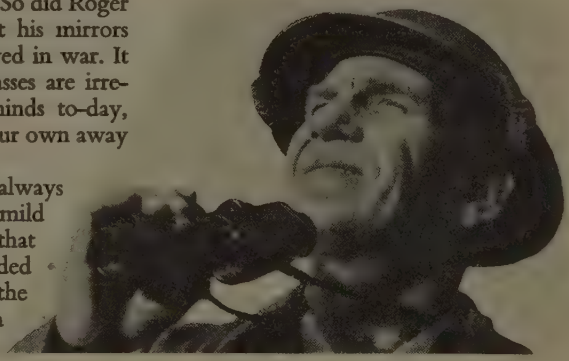
Marshals of France came cantering up to Louis Philippe with binoculars slung over their shoulders; explorers in green veils tramped darkest Africa with binoculars slung round their necks, and in the opera houses at Paris and Vienna the audiences gazed upon the ballet dancers in 'Coppelia' and 'Les Sylphides' through binoculars mounted in silver or mother-of-pearl.

More and more adjustments, more

and more lenses, lens on lens, till there were twelve of them; Carl Zeiss busy making improvements in his last improvement in the laboratories at Jena: Germany and France fighting to turn out the best binoculars, and then . . . . the World War. Since optical glasses were nearly all made in Germany, Britain found herself compelled to enter the field. Optical glass-making and the manufacture of lenses became one of the first six key industries to be protected as vital to national defence. Did poor Heer Lepperhey, when he devised the first pair, think of national defence? I am bound to say he did. So did Roger Bacon when he said that his mirrors might be usefully employed in war. It is with war that field glasses are irrevocably linked in our minds to-day, especially when we give our own away to the forces.

But spectacles were always connected with peaceable mild creatures, so much so that Herr Schuschnigg discarded his pair when he became the ruler of an armed Austria May the illusion persist in spite of the bespectacled chemists who are doubtless devising fierce gases to destroy us! Let us deceive ourselves at least that the work of the Greeks who grasped the burning glass, of the Chinese who framed the lenses in tortoiseshell for spectacles, of King Charles I who licensed the first spectacle makers in England in 1629, and of all those who ever laboured at the lens, has contributed more to the health, wealth and happiness than to the damnation and destruction of man.

BINOCULARS, 1941



JOHN AND JONATHAN

Oh Jonathan! dear Jonathan! a wretched world we see;
There's scarce a freeman in it now, excepting you and me.
In soldier-ridden Christendom the sceptre is the sword;
The statutes of the nation from the cannon's mouth are roared.
Ordnance the subject multitude for ordinance obey;
The bullet and the bayonet debate at once allay:
The mouth is gagg'd, the Press is stopp'd, and we remain alone
With power our thoughts to utter, or to call our souls our own.
They hate us, brother Jonathan, those tyrants; they detest
The island sons of liberty and freemen of the West;
It angers them that we survive their savage will to stem,
A sign of hope unto their slaves—a sign of fear to them.

—from *Punch*, March 20, 1852, quoted in *English Saga*, reviewed on page 65.

Henri Bergson

by L. SUSAN STEBBING

Henri Bergson, the French philosopher who expressed mysticism by metaphor, died this year at the age of eighty-two. The author of this summary of his delicately spun theories is a Professor in the University of London, and one of the foremost of our academic philosophers

'I HAVE to confess', wrote William James, 'that Bergson's originality is so profuse that many of his ideas baffle me entirely.' Original in form Bergson's philosophy certainly is, but in substance and intention it is the culmination of a line of thought proceeding from Maine de Biran, Ravaisson, Lachelier, and Boutroux. What is novel is that it appears to draw much from science yet seeks to discredit science; it originates in a revolt against intellect in order to exalt life; it asserts freedom to oppose mechanistic determinism; it turns away from reason to appeal to mystical insight.

At the outset Bergson demands that we should reverse our usual mental habits, we should teach ourselves to turn away from all that is practically interesting, from all that science teaches us, and, reverting to rudimentary consciousness, watch ourselves live: to do this is to plunge into immediacy—a felt experience of the heart. To be is to endure, i.e. to last, or, rather, to feel oneself enduring. Reality is change, movement, continuous flux, which Bergson calls *La durée*, i.e. pure duration.

This notion of pure duration is fundamental to his philosophy and contains implicitly all that is essential to it. The difficulty is to grasp what 'duration' is for, although 'duration' (*la durée*) is the best word that can be found for it, no *word* is adequate to what is real. Language is social; it is the outcome of analysis and synthesis, and thus presupposes intellectual activities of comparing, abstracting, and classifying. But, so Bergson contends, these activities are directed towards the fulfilment of practical needs and distort the real; hence, language necessarily involves falsification. Duration, however, is an immediate datum of consciousness; it is the form assumed by the succession of our conscious states when our ego lets itself live without distinguishing present states from former states.

Bergson's philosophical system is developed in three books upon which all his other writings are variations. In the first, *Time and Free Will* (1889), he analyses the psychical nature of the self and discovers two forms of 'the self': first, a self with well-defined states, each of which is set side by side along a time-line which is nothing but a form of one-dimensional space; secondly, a self of which the states continually interpenetrate and intermingle like the notes of a melody. The latter is the fundamental

self, of which the former is a superficial projection into space.

To recover the fundamental self we must turn away from our practical needs and feel ourself to be as in a day-dream in which we live past feelings as surviving in the present, and images long since experienced mingle with present sensations. This self is free, its continuous developing, though congruous with the past, is unpredictable. The superficial self has lost the qualitative multiplicity of the living reality; its states are spread out and determined. This self, looking back upon its past actions, no longer sees them as spontaneous outpourings but as rigidly determined to be what they have, in fact, been. It is in this way that Bergson defends freedom whilst admitting the plausibility of determinism.

Mind and Matter

In *Matter and Memory* (1905) Bergson explains the relation of matter and mind by means of his conception of duration. The difference between them is wholly a difference between rhythms of duration. Mind is essentially memory; through memory an enormous multiplicity of vibrations can be condensed into a single experience. For instance, *red* is experienced when mind condenses into one rhythm of duration 400 billions of vibrations which, were they each separately distinguished, would occupy more than 250 centuries of our history. These vibrations, infinitely diluted and juxtaposed, constitute matter. One might almost say that mind differs from matter in the tempo of its life and in its capacity of imposing this or that definite tempo upon matter. As pure memory, mind retains the past, whereas matter is momentary and characterless.

In *Creative Evolution* (1908) the notion of duration melts into the notion of a vital impetus (*élan vital*), a creative activity which is 'a reality which is making itself across a reality which is unmaking itself'. We must not think of *things* which are created and a *thing* which creates; we do think in this way because we think for the sake of understanding, and we cannot *understand* unless we immobilise moving into *something* that moves and *its* moving. To apprehend creative activity we must feel it in the depths of the fundamental self, thus living it.

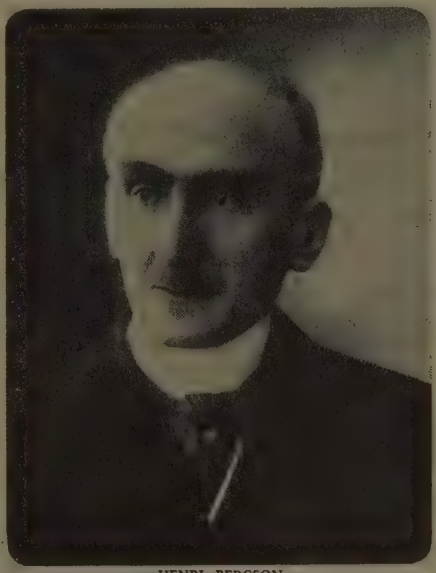
He called it 'The Enemy'

The *élan de vie* is the continuous elaborating of the absolutely new out of all that has passed but not passed away; it is the ascending movement of the vital impulse. But this vital impulse bears in itself an obstacle to its onward rushing progress; this obstacle is matter, which is a descending movement. Matter is opposed to life; Bergson, indeed, calls it 'the enemy'. It forces the evolving vital impulse to choose one direction or another instead of following all at once.

Along one line life evolved instinct, along another intelligence; the former reaches its culmination in the hymenoptera, the latter in man. In each development much is sacrificed. Intellect is at home in materiality, it triumphs in geometry and adapts itself to our practical needs, for it is in the mould of action that intellect fashions itself and 'thinks matter' in order to conquer and adapt matter to our needs. Hence, the living reality escapes matter because to operate upon the living we must treat it as though it were inert. Intuition develops from instinct, which is a sympathy with, a 'feeling with' its object; it is a taking possession of, and being one with what it apprehends.

This opposition between intellect and

instinct is of fundamental importance to Bergson's philosophy. To its consideration he returned again and again. It is important to see how he worked out their relation. His earliest treatment of this topic was published in 1903, in an article in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale*. In this article he speaks only of 'intuition', not 'instinct'. There are, he says, two ways of knowing a thing: by 'going round it' from outside or by 'entering into' it. The former is the way of intellect; it results in analysis and facilitates classification, hence the formulation of natural laws and the ability to predict. But by this way the thing as a whole is never known. The way of intuition is to coincide with, be one with what is known; hence it is to know absolutely. Bergson here speaks of intuition as *intellectual sympathy*.



HENRI BERGSON

Later, however, in *Creative Evolution*, he emphasises the opposition between intuition and intellect, and usually speaks of 'instinct' instead of intuition. This is because he is here concerned to trace the genesis of instinct along one of the possible paths that the *élan vital* may select as it evolves.

Further, this procedure enables him to make use of a mass of biological detail, which imparts a strictly scientific aspect to his mystic musings. Instinct, fitted to become intimately what it knows, could solve all the questions intellect is prompted to ask; but instinct is blind and unconscious, immersed in the flux of becoming, so that it cannot ask questions. Intellect asks the questions but cannot solve them, since its point of view is external to, not sympathetic with, the thing it seeks to know. If instinct could be awakened into consciousness, if intellect could but recover its spontaneity and be fused with instinct, why, then, indeed, there might be 'a vision of life complete, although undoubtedly fleeting'. But it is not so.

Yet, in man something of instinct lingers, some power to pierce the stream of life. We rightly affirm human freedom; but science insists upon universal causation; we rightly believe in the absolute reality of the person; but science insists upon the interdependence of conscious life and the brain; we rightly regard man as holding a privileged place in nature; but science shows us the gradual transformation of species from animal to man; we rightly insist that personal survival is probable; but science denies that souls can enter life. Unless, therefore, we can sweep away science, science will deny our intuitions. We must,

then, learn to see the body as on the road to spirit.

Our Fallible Intellect

Bergson has, then, to face the question why intellect, with its tendency to science, thus misleads us. The answer has already been indicated. In the course of evolution intellect has been fashioned in the interests of action. We have failed to realise this because we think that perception yields knowledge. Perception, however, is nothing but virtual action: in its lowest stages perception is mere contact; later, the reaction that ensues upon contact is delayed, and perception becomes a possible action. We perceive matter when we eliminate all that does not concern the needs of the living body.

The field of knowledge is reality, all that was, is, and will be; but in perceiving we select, we cut out all that is not directly useful, and thus contract the field of knowledge to a tiny fragment of what might be known. In thus contracting we falsify, for reality is like a melody, a whole of elements so intermingled that to isolate one element is to destroy its significance. If we can turn away from bodily needs, then the past rushes in upon us to mingle with the present and rush forward into the future. Then, and then only, could we be in communion with things.

The Lifted Veil

In a later volume, *Le Rire*, Bergson suggests that such communion is attained by artists who alone know how to lift 'the veil from reality'.

It is not possible to do justice to Bergson by such a bald summary as the above. Having depreciated the intellect, he is not able to make himself understood in the language of intellect. He is a mystic seeking to express in words what is asserted to be inexpressible. Unless he is to take refuge in silence he must pile metaphor upon metaphor to convey his incommunicable intuitions. The charm of his writings lies in his fertility of metaphor; it matters little if one metaphor seems incompatible with another, if their very brilliance obscures what the plodding intellect took to be the point. With a mystic one does not argue: either he persuades or fails, he cannot convince.

'At Home in Reality'

More to the point is it to consider what to Bergson seems important, what less important, and what negligible. Science is negligible except in so far as it can afford data for his exposition; matter is not important except as affording an explanation of the thrusting back of the vital impetus upon itself; freedom, immortality, the warmth of immediate feeling—these are all important.

Bergson resembles Pascal in that the infinite immensities frighten him: he longs to be at home in reality, to be spiritually one with it, stuff of its stuff, assured of such immortality as belongs to the ever-evolving stream of life.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER

A man who was once asked why he did not weep at a certain sermon, when everybody else was shedding tears, replied: 'I don't belong to this parish.' What that man felt about tears is even truer of laughter. However spontaneous it seems, laughter always implies a kind of freemasonry, or even complicity, with other laughers. . . .

HENRI BERGSON in *Le Rire*.

3

James Joyce

by A. L. ROWSE

'He wrote two masterpieces that will live, and with "Ulysses" added a dimension to English literature'

WITH Joyce's death one of the major luminaries in the world of English letters has gone out. The *Times*, I notice, began its obituary of him with the sentence: 'Mr. James Joyce, an Irishman whose book *Ulysses* gave rise to much controversy, died at Zürich yesterday.' So like the *Times*, and such an inadequate way of commemorating one who was undeniably—as his fellow writers will bear witness—one of the most distinguished and original of contemporary writers, whose work has a special significance for our time. Of course he was a controversial figure: anyone whose work was so original and challenging as his would be bound to be. He was, above all, a writer's writer, as T. S. Eliot is a poet's poet: his influence was most powerfully felt by his fellow craftsmen, and that kind of influence is likely to increase rather than diminish with the years.

What is it that gives him his importance? Why is he so significant—and controversial—a figure? What does his work amount to? What is the clue to it?

Before answering these questions, a word about the man and the character of his work. One thing that constitutes an obstacle to its appreciation in this country is that it is un-English in its whole tone and temper. Naturally enough, for Joyce was an Irishman, a Catholic who had ceased to believe. But he had been educated for the priesthood and his background was therefore Latin and European, and not at all English, let alone Anglo-Saxon. His genius was essentially Celtic and Latin;

he had the fancy, the imagination, the extravagance and love of pattern which we associate with the one, the clarity, the uncompromising realism, the wit and something of the heartlessness which go with the other.

His was a sardonic genius, restless, for ever experimenting, exploring, his love of words for their own sake—very Irish that—leading him on like a will-o'-the-wisp; he made no concessions to sentiment or pity such as the English love in their literature—though there was a core of deep pity in him for mankind.

Self-torture

At the same time he was a Catholic Puritan, as his great countryman, Swift, was a Protestant Puritan: both of them tortured themselves with the puritan's disgust of the national conditions of life, particularly the physical necessities and urges of the body. They both of them explored with loving horror the sordid, the seamy side of life; but it was disgust which inspired them and out of which they created works of art. Joyce's *Ulysses* is a parallel in prose, altogether more elaborate and worked out, on an epic scale, to T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*.

It is hardly to be expected that English people should exactly take to Joyce's work: they don't like the mixture. But perhaps they can admire it and recognise the greatness of the effort, and, in part, of the achievement. Joyce's work is the culmination in prose, the crown, of the wonderful literary revival that has come out of Ireland in the past half century, as Yeats's was in poetry. English literature is a house of many mansions, and we have reason to be proud of the contributions that come increasingly from Ireland, Wales, Scotland, the United States, the Dominions overseas. It means that our literature, with all the varying accents contributed from so many different sources and varieties of experience, has an incomparable future before it.

Joyce was unlike any English author, and England meant nothing to him save through its literature. Like so many Irishmen of culture, he went straight from Dublin to Paris, missing out London. He knew nothing of English life. But I think it it true to say that two of his greatest admirations were Shakespeare and Newman: the influence of the one may be seen in his poetry—indeed he never ventured in his verse beyond the narrow bounds set by the Elizabethan songs, while the influence of Newman is to be seen in all his earlier prose, even in *Ulysses*, but especially in the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

'Pomes Penyeach'

His poetry is that of a minor poet of the Irish school and need not detain us: it is all contained in two slim little books, *Chamber Music*, his first, published in 1907, and *Pomes Penyeach*, mostly written at Trieste and Zürich during the last war, which appeared in 1927. But it will not be for his poetry that he will be remembered, but as a prose-poet. That was obvious, to the discerning, in his first book of stories, *Dubliners*, which was not published till 1914.

Most of these stories are ordinary enough: realistic transcripts of squalid lower middle-class and working-class life in Dublin: a commercial traveller who drinks, a mother who is pushing her daughter into musical life, a miserable committee room in a poor district of some candidate for office on the Dublin Corporation. But there is one story, the longest and the last, which transcends all this and which some good judges regard as the finest of modern

short stories: it is called *The Dead*. It has a most moving ending, with a marvellous description of snow falling over Ireland:

'*It was falling on every part of the dark, central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark, mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe, and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.*'

It is obvious, then, as always, that Joyce was a lord of language, a great master of phrase, of words and rhythms. But it is not on this book that his fame will rest, nor upon his play *Exiles* (1918), which for all its subtlety and rare elusive beauty is not a success—but upon two works: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), and *Ulysses* (1922).

'Portrait' and 'Apologia'

If you want the clue to Joyce, to what sort of man he was, you will find it in the *Portrait*. In that book, for all his reserve, his pride, his sensitiveness, he has revealed himself as only a great writer can. It is not an autobiography after the usual pattern concerned with external events and recordings; it is an autobiography of the inner life, full of beauty and anguish, and pain and spiritual effort, of loneliness and extreme sensibility, fear and courage. It is a perfect book, a masterpiece worthy to stand beside the work of his master, Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.

I well remember Robert Bridges' immense enthusiasm for it. The grand old man did not read it until late in life when he was writing his own *Testament of Beauty*. He was greatly excited by the dialogue on æsthetics towards the end of the book, for he found that Joyce had anticipated his own conclusions on the subject which occupied them both so profoundly. He catechised me on my return from a visit to Dublin as to what I had gathered about him there: he was eager to know everything about him, 'for,' said he grandly, 'I find J-Joyce's æsthetics are *m-my* æsthetics.' When his own *Testament of Beauty* was finished he sent copies to Joyce, Gorki, and George V, to whom it was dedicated: a curious European Olympus—one wonders what the last made of it all!

Epic 'Ulysses'

For all that *Ulysses* is a less perfect work of art than the *Portrait*, it is a greater. It is so much larger a canvas. There is no other book I can think of which can be regarded as the epic of modern life—except perhaps Proust's *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, with which Joyce's work has some affinity. *Ulysses* is a great work of the imagination, an epic not merely of Dublin, with which it deals, but of any modern city in all its mingled squalor and evanescent beauty, its sophistication and coarseness, its filth and fineness.

Most people will have heard now what it is about: it sets out to describe in every detail what happens to Leopold Bloom, Dublin Jew, canvasser-advertiser, a good sort, a rather ordinary erotic type, on one day in June 1904, from his getting out of bed until he returns to bed after midnight. The first four sections of the book are brilliant—they link up with the *Portrait:* Stephen Daedalus (Joyce himself), who is the subject of that book, is the second

character in *Ulysses*. The first half of the book is readable without undue difficulty; then comes a long section, the scene in the brothel, which is a veritable phantasmagoria, a nightmare ballet of words in the lurid glimmer of which it is difficult to follow what happens.

The end is a triumphant *tour de force:* the betrayal of all the thoughts that run through the mind of Mrs. Bloom, singer, also a low easy-going type, a sort of La Belle Elmore, as she lies sleepless that night in bed, thoughts about her past life, her past lovers, Poldy her husband, about everything, omitting nothing—except the commas.

The whole section is rendered without punctuation, and certainly it gives an extraordinary effect of the stream of a person's semi-consciousness, the thoughts and memories and odd associations all jumbled up, which is what the mind is really like at that level. Joyce's technical experiment has the complete justification of being a convincing representation of reality.

Dead Sea Fruit

From then on, all the last years of his life, Joyce went on exploring the possibilities in this direction. After sixteen years' work, it issued in *Finnegans Wake*, which is to my mind a literary abortion. At the end of the *Portrait* there is a revealing sentence where Stephen says: 'I do not fear to be alone or to be spurned for another or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake, and perhaps as long as eternity too.' It looks as if that is in fact what he did. For *Finnegans Wake* is not readable, or readable only in sections of which the best are obtainable separately, like *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

The whole book is written in a private language of Joyce's own invention, of which that last title will give you an idea: the subject is the river Liffey, personalised as Livia, who was an Empress, wife of Augustus; Anna suggests to me *Anna Karenina*, while the suggestions conveyed by the word *Plurabelle* are those of weeping and a various, many-sided beauty. But life isn't long enough for a whole book like that, carrying an infinite number of suggestions and associations in many languages, and where one can hardly follow what is happening. One has to be as clever and as well-read as Joyce to understand it: in fact one has to be Joyce.

Timely Death

It was a blind alley that he was exploring, a dead end of literature, like the medieval acrostic-makers, or Rabelais. What made it all the more pathetic was that the author of it was practically blind, and that exerted a fatal influence upon his work: it cut him off from the real world outside, and concentrated his mind upon words alone—which had always been a passion with him—their associations and echoes, and curious interrelations and effects. To judge how effective these experiments could be in small measure you should hear Joyce's own lovely Irish voice (he was trained for a singer) reading a passage, as recorded for the gramophone.

Anyhow, he wrote two masterpieces which will live; with *Ulysses* he added a dimension to English literature. Now he has died, and at a solemn and appropriate moment—almost a symbolic gesture from one of his books. His work was finished; he died in the midst of the catastrophe to that civilisation whose decadence he recorded, and of which his work was such a portent.

3

Hitler Psycho-analysed

'How did this "Cinderella" among men become the world's menace of to-day?' An eminent Austrian psychiatrist—now in England—provides the answer in an analysis of Hitler's personality and the actions by which it has found expression

'I HAVE gone my way with the unfailing certainty of a somnambulist'—Adolf Hitler has declared. For his first twenty-five years he did not go very far. He thought of himself as an artist—but only painted houses. He thought of himself as an architect—but only carried bricks. He fought for four years in the Great War—but remained an unknown corporal.

How did this 'Cinderella' among men become the world's menace of to-day?

To label him as an 'hysteric' is inadequate, although the hysterical features in his personality have allowed him to become a great actor. He masters every note in the scale of human emotion—except laughter. His famous double handshake—grasping your hand firmly with his right while at the same time touching your elbow gently with his left—is very moving, especially if you have expected to meet someone sinister. Belief in his own mission—combined with short-sightedness—enables him to meet your eye without flinching. He knows all the tricks of the theatrical profession; like only great artists he lives his words and feels so strongly as he speaks them that tears come easily. Before the microphone he starts to speak quietly and, after much shouting, ends '*piano*', thereby planting a delayed-action bomb in the hearts of his audience.

His entrance on the world stage was extremely well timed. The 'saviour' appeared at the hour when he was most passionately awaited. He soon became the symbol of the millions of Germans whom the last war had left humiliated, without hope or prospects. He felt that, like Christ, he suffered for the people and with the people. The burning scars of his own unhappy life drove him forward. His faith in himself, kept alive through the years of failure, was as stupendous as the tenacity and force of his personality. The power of conviction and the reality he gave to any of his beliefs were exceptional. When he referred to Hermann Goering as the man for whom the word 'impossible' does not exist, he really meant himself. Success must have confirmed his belief that he is Providence.

Adolf's spiritual fervour is not diluted by any complacent family life. He has none of the outlets of the normal man. He does not smoke or drink. He cannot ride, nor can he drive a car. He is no sportsman: only his strict diet keeps him from growing fat. He speaks no languages. He did not have much of the thorough pre-war German education, nor could school teachers convince him that all wicked deeds must one day be

found out. His relations with women remain a mystery. When, in his youth, he dreamed and talked of what he was going to do, his mother was the only one who listened. His abnormally

SIXTEENTH CENTURY SOMNAMBULIST

strong affection for her, his restlessness, his understanding of friendship between men, are characteristics of the homosexual. He still feels sentimental about those who marched with him at the beginning, forgetting that he has had most of them shot.

With his ability to feel sincere about anything at any time, he has an hysterical woman's high sense of intrigue. When, in June 1934, Ernst Roehm demanded to be taken into the regular army as Supreme Commander, Adolf said, with tears in his eyes, 'You know, Ernst, that I would much rather have you than any of the generals in the War Office,' but—like the woman who is seen dining the same evening with the man she promised to give up in the afternoon—he yielded to the stronger pressure and betrayed the man who had helped him to power.

In the most important speech of his life, made after the June murders, he not only falsified the number of those who had been killed, but—instead of trying to explain why they had not been tried—declared, with callous pomposity, that in this grave hour in Germany he had to make himself the law.

Politicians of the Old World like to think of Adolf as a man haunted by a bad conscience and hardly able to stand the strain. After every speech he makes, you read in the papers that he is very hoarse—seems to have lost his grip—is probably on the verge of a nervous breakdown. But it is the moral, conscientious, religious, bourgeois politician who, seeing his world being kicked from under his feet, is more likely to have a nervous collapse. Adolf himself, typical of the hysteric, emerges from his brain-storms refreshed—reborn—like someone stepping from a cold shower.

The thrill of power he derives from the knowledge that a world trembles at his words must be the supreme fulfilment of an hysterical fantasy. His formerly frequent references to 'When I shall be no more' never meant that his health was bad. Apart from a small polyp on one of his vocal chords and a tendency to laryngitis, he never seems to have been ill. During the last war he imagined that he had lost his sight—a

so-called 'hysterical' blindness that proves his ability to deceive himself as well as others.

Adolf's revenge against his real and imaginary enemies is the most complete yet recorded. Everything he had longed for, but missed, in his youth he now grasped. Every blow and insult he had ever received he now gave back a hundredfold. When he tramped the streets of Vienna, lonely and hungry, it seemed to him that the Jews particularly had more to eat. On excursions into the mountains it was again the Jews who, having come up by lift, enjoyed the view in comfort, whereas Adolf, with nothing but a dry sandwich in his rucksack, had climbed on foot. By 1933 the time for revenge arrived. Concentration camps were opened. They proved one of his most sordid, but successful, inventions. His enemies were rendered harmless and put out of circulation. When too dangerous they were shot, 'trying to escape'. Otherwise they paid dearly for their ultimate release. They were pledged on their honour not to talk of their experiences, but what they did recount, when they broke their word, was a terrifying warning to those still in opposition.

No one had recognised Adolf as an artist—now he would tell them what art was. No one had thought him fit to be an architect—now all the plans for new cities and wonderful buildings would be passed by him. Only an unknown corporal in the Great War—now as Supreme Commander he would lead his armies to conquer the world.

So far reviewed, Adolf's personality does not give the clue to his phenomenal success. It is to be found in his skill as a psychologist. He has learned his lesson from life, not from books. He diagnosed the rotten teeth in the hungry mouth of Germany, and he was the one to shout: 'I am pulling them out.' He became the sensitive instrument and perfect mouthpiece, recording

TWENTIETH CENTURY SOMNAMBULIST

and promising to fulfil the wishes of a whole nation. He realised, and proved to bourgeois socialism, that a feeling of self-importance is more essential to happiness than an increase of wages. Even the humblest son of the Fatherland longed to feel indispensable.

The tunes of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' sounded sweet to the 'lonely hearts' and those with a grievance. Everyone was made to feel a fighter on

some front, the doctor on the medical front—the tailor on the clothes front. All the time fighting for the New Germany to have a place in the sun. Bands played and the nation marched—towards a goal that would never be reached. But those who died on the way died happy.

Cinderella Motif

Credit is due to Joseph Goebbels for management and publicity. 'The Unknown Soldier of Yesterday—Germany's Leader To-morrow', became the signature tune. It contained the Cinderella motif. Flying across Germany in his 'Black Eagle', Adolf's tours became more and more glamorous and successful. As his funds increased, costumes and bands improved and larger halls were hired; slogans, fireworks, torchlight processions, and a supporting cast gave the 'star' his build-up. His open-air meetings, culminating in the Nuremberg Rally, were masterpieces of mass-organisation and microphone technique. The glamour of an Aldershot Tattoo plus the religious fervour of an Evangelist meeting, perfect military drill by an army of Storm Troopers, millions of sausages with Sauerkraut and beer, consumed in tents—all these helped to make Adolf's the greatest show of the time.

Adolf and his assistants are burdened with no old-fashioned conception of money. His first Finance Minister proudly announced: 'We are drawing cheques on our future.' Adolf realised that if you borrow sufficiently large sums the creditors will never give you up, because they hope one day for complete repayment, and with the money used for re-armament you can be even more persuasive. In the preparations for this war, the policy of the man who never had anything to lose was more effective than that of the millionaire who said 'I cannot spend more than my interest,' forgetting that the bulk of his capital was in danger. Only this mentality can explain how a practically bankrupt nation has successfully bribed half the world.

Adolf works on the principle that most people have their price; that while the amounts needed for bribery seem large to the individual who receives them, they appear as but a small item in the total of the Reich's expenditure; that the bribing of one influential person buys at the same time all those dependent on him; and that, in certain cases, women may be a valuable currency.

Bait for Capitalists

His psychology in the assessment of the capitalists proved extremely sound. They were all the same to him, whatever their nationality or race. A capitalist will do almost anything which promises to preserve a small portion of his fortune—for it is hard to start afresh. 'To keep the working-man in check' was the trap into which the industrial chiefs walked so easily. Adolf, as leader of a bodyguard, seemed a sound proposition. Even a few non-Aryan gentlemen, long anxious to leave Jehovah's army, gladly paid ever increasing instalments in order to be incorporated in the Third Reich. The bogy of the wicked 'Bolshies' frightened capitalists all over the world, and while Adolf's propaganda efficiently spread the nightmare, he quietly concluded his own alliance with the Russians.

He never mistook intellectual achievement for moral courage. If anything, they were to him opposed forces. Developments again proved his psychology correct, for the German University professors gave up their

liberty and standing without much resistance. There were no martyrs among them. Few tears were shed for their departing non-Aryan colleagues. Most looked towards the dining-hall and were re-born as sons of the Third Reich without much difficulty.

The medical profession hailed Adolf as the great surgeon who had removed more foreign bodies from the healthy spine of the nation than anyone else; as the great physician who had brought them back to palpation and inspection, putting in their proper place wicked non-Aryan contraptions like X-rays and complicated laboratory tests.

When Einstein was awarded an honorary degree by a North German University—in 1922, during the officially pro-Semitic period of postwar Germany—the streets were lined with schoolboys and students, who spat as he passed.

Adolf realised that the Jews were the only scapegoat that could not hit back and they became, therefore, the shock-absorbers of the party-carriage. Even if people are not against the Jews they are certainly never willing to fight for them. So whenever things were difficult a new hate campaign was released.

The Modern Frankenstein

In propaganda, this master psychologist grasped some fundamental truths. He realised that although you cannot remake men after a certain age, or change their character and personality, you can nevertheless influence everyone and anyone very deeply. The boundaries of our own way of living are largely drawn by our neighbours' opinion. It was left to Adolf to grasp and fully exploit the terrifying force of concentrated public opinion directed against the individual. He created a monster—using Gestapo and concentration camps for a backbone. Into the ears of every citizen the radio, newspapers, theatres and cinemas droned the new religion in constant and endless repetition. There was no escape—even the most obstinate were moulded into shape. The religion was Germany—Germany was Adolf. The dictum that 'the end justifies the means' became the First Commandment. A nation of honest Germans was transformed into a nation of liars. They lied with patriotic fervour and passionate sincerity. 'A lie has only to be big enough in order to be believed', wrote Adolf in *Mein Kampf*. It may become so big that it can beat the truth.

Faith and Cunning

When Adolf came into power he filled government offices with party members—mainly positive, unscrupulous, totalitarian people—those with a big 'plus' written upon them. Honest officials, who for many years had worn the clean white shirt of Prussian bureaucracy, were dropped and superceded. Those who were prevented by old age, rigidity or laziness from learning the new routine, were fired. Those who, when not carefully watched, tended to fall back into the old-time step had to go. War-time judgment had completely replaced that of peace-time six years before war was declared.

It is dangerous to disregard Adolf Hitler's unusual personality—his cunning and faith. Instead of dwelling on his wickedness, it is more constructive to recall the times when he saw things more simply and clearly than others. There are still some conclusions to be drawn.

RATS!

THE rat menace will never be successfully dealt with until the general public becomes fully aware of the facts of the situation and demands action of a much more drastic kind than has yet been forthcoming.

Before the War experts generally accepted the figure of 100 million as a rough estimate of the rat population. Since the War began there must have been an enormous increase.

Most authorities agree that on an average ten rats consume, or are responsible for destroying, the equivalent of the consumption of one grown man. It is terrifying to reflect that the rat population is costing us the destruction of roughly 25 per cent of our food supplies.

This aspect, however, covers only a part of the knowledge needed to awaken the community to a sense of its responsibility. By far the biggest part of vermin destruction, both by contracting concerns and by private individuals, is attempted by methods and materials that are highly dangerous to the general health of the community and actually, in the long run, result in a far worse situation with regard to the rat colonies themselves.

And it is brought about by what must appear to the average man as a paradoxical piece of stupidity, because these very methods and materials have long been recognised for what they are by the Ministry of Agriculture and condemned in an official pamphlet.

The preparations in question are generally known as viruses or bacteriological cultures, which in most cases result in para-typhoid being spread throughout a rat colony. Now this disease takes some time to develop in an active way and, quite apart from the obvious and very serious danger of food, mattresses and articles of clothing being contaminated, there is an even graver side to the question.

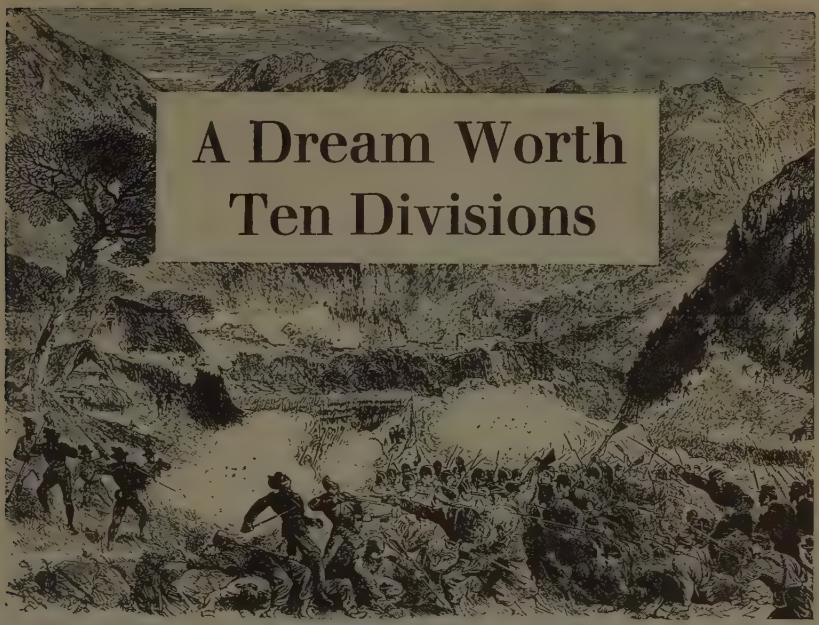
For many firms and individuals are so anxious to rid their premises of rats that they will swallow any story which sounds plausible and, in consequence, fall an easy prey to manufacturers who make enormous profits out of the misfortunes of the community by selling preparations that they know to be detrimental to public health and, in the long run, worse than useless as a means of exterminating vermin.

It is frequently claimed for these methods that they will exterminate 100 per cent of rats on any given premises. In the initial stages they do appear to achieve a phenomenal success, because roughly 80 per cent of any given rat colony is wiped out by disease and a notable, albeit temporary, improvement results. But what of the remaining 20 per cent that are constitutionally strong enough to overcome the disease? These rats are in future immune, and proceed to breed a colony which also becomes immunised to the disease. Seeing that a healthy pair of rats is capable of producing about 400 descendants within twelve months, it does not take long to get back to a population of the original numbers, and a population, moreover, that has become immunised and can actually feed on the baits put down to kill them.

The difficulties to be faced in finding a satisfactory solution to this problem are further aggravated by the fact that most preparations do nothing to eliminate decomposition of dead vermin. This in effect means that in some cases considerable expenditure may be involved in stripping floors, skirtings and other parts of buildings which are suspected of harbouring dead vermin. A further difficulty to be faced and overcome is that certain effective materials are not permitted on premises where food is either stored or prepared.

The object of this article is to put the case for more publicity and a wider appeal to the public to wake up to their responsibilities in a matter that helps the enemy's war effort with the equivalent of a fleet of submarines or bombing planes; they should know that there is a solution to the problem, if it is tackled with enthusiasm and energy and by men who will give their utmost in the present critical times with a total disregard for profits.

S. W. F.



A Dream Worth Ten Divisions

1866. Garibaldi dreamed of a liberated, united Italy. So did his men. Italians collapse when they have no National Ideal to fight for.

by 'CADET'

By the time this article is published, the Government may have made a statement on War Aims. Our soldier-contributor pleads for a consolidation of private into public War Aims by widening the scope of Army education

THE world enters upon the most perverted spring in history.

The appearance of the snowdrop will authorise the guns to open fire in earnest. The daffodil will be the signal for the mechanised armies to move.

By April we shall have a good deal of first-class military equipment; so, incidentally, will the Nazis. We shall have an army of men who will be as well trained, militarily, as men can be in the short time that has been available; so will the Nazis. Up to this point, you could call it all square.

But we British could possess one priceless asset that the Nazis can never possess. We could have a British Army which had figured out for itself precisely what it was fighting about, precisely what sort of people it was up against, and roughly what it meant to do with victory when victory had been won.

At the present time the British Army is not particularly clear about any of

these three points. The prevailing semi-official attitude could be expressed as follows: 'Well, boys, there's a war on, and, naturally, we've got to win it. To do anything other than win it would be unthinkable, and quite contrary to our usual practice.'

'But, Surely, Sir . . .'

This attitude isn't good enough. It isn't good enough, because this war isn't just any old war, it's a very particular kind of war. Our opponents aren't any old opponents, they are a particular kind of opponent. And finally our victory, this time, cannot be used in any old way.

Yet the confusion in the Army about how victory is to be used is paralysing. Example: An officer is lecturing a class of recruits on Martial Law. Says he: 'We shall see martial law at its most crushing and effective when we go in and occupy Germany at the end of this war. That's the only kind of thing the Nazis understand.' From the back of the room a recruit makes a diffident query: 'But, surely, sir, by the time that we go in and occupy Germany at the end of this war, an anti-Nazi Government will have replaced the Nazis? Do we have to exercise crushing and effective Martial Law against *them?*' Says the officer: 'Possibly. But that seems rather beside the point.'

'I dunno', He Says

Another example. This time as to the confusion about the exact nature of the people we're up against. The scene is the South-East Coast. The time is the second week in September 1940. It is lovely cricket weather. Lovely weather for the war. Without using binoculars you can see the line of long grey-brown ships creeping down the French coast. There is at least one big German warship in Calais harbour. A private and a sergeant are sitting with their backs to a pill-box in the evening sun, putting anti-dim ointment on their respirators. The invasion may come to-morrow.

Says the private, who is looking forward very equably to 'the scrap': 'All the same, it's really —— silly, when you think of it. I reckon there's not more than one in a hundred over in Germany as wants to fight, any more than there isn't over here.' Says the sergeant: 'Don't you —— well kid yourself. Those Jerries are all alike. They're none of them happy if they're not scrapping. And the only good Jerry is a dead Jerry.' The private shrugs his shoulders. 'I dunno,' he says. 'All I do know is that I pity *any* poor —— who tries to land on this bit of the coast'. 'Any' is the operative word.

Or What?

In such trivial ways does the prevailing confusion express itself in the Army. Are all Germans evil? Or is it only the Nazis? Are we fighting to enable us to hold Germany down in perpetuity? Or are we fighting so as to be able to make friends with her? Nobody in the Army seems to know for certain. And the Government does not feel that the time has yet come when it can enlighten us.

Yet it seems alarmingly clear that there are only two main ways of creating an effective Army. One way is to build up a force of perfectly regimented and seasoned military automata—in the Nazi manner. The other way is to build up a force of men who are profoundly and vividly conscious of what they are fighting for, against, and about—somewhat in the manner of the Spanish Republicans.

If only because they are so late in starting, the ex-civilians who mainly comprise the present British Army cannot hope to surpass the mature automatism and the military technique

of the Nazis—at least for years to come. It is all the more important, therefore, that, as an Army, they should have a deep and vivid understanding of what is involved.

Yet, during the training of this civilian army, one hundred per cent of their time is taken up with lectures and instruction on military technique; no time at all is put aside for lectures or instruction on what it's all about.

How could the situation be remedied? Well, for a start, the Army Training authorities could put aside two training hours every week for lectures on what we are fighting for, against, and about. And then what? Who is going to do the lecturing? What are lecturers going to say? Are itinerant speakers to be sent from the War Office, or the Primrose League or Transport House, round the Training Camps? Or are we going to have Commanding Officers and Company Commanders addressing their men from memoranda compiled by a Major-General in charge of War Aims Instruction? Or will a new Army Book, 'A.B. 8740. War, European, Aims, Mark II', be issued to all fresh recruits? And, anyhow, how can there be any authoritative discussion as to what the war's about, when even the Cabinet itself won't tell us?

The difficulties seem conveniently great. But they do not seem great at all as soon as one key-idea is realised: namely, that the fact that the Government is at present too coy to produce 'our' war aims, does not mean that we, as a nation, have not got any war aims. It does not mean that each one of us has not got some war aims of his own.

All worthwhile wars are wars for freedom. It is so in 1941. It was so in 1861, when these Texas Rangers fought for the Federalist cause in America.

France in danger, 1792. These volunteers enlisted to defend the liberty conferred by the Revolution—their dream.

I have some very precise war aims myself. Some of them are 'public', i.e. they could be stated and could form the basis for public argument. The remainder of my war aims are so personal that they are unlikely to be of much interest outside the circle of my wife and my friends. My 'public' war aims

are what I hope, what I *intend*, for the people of this country and the people of Europe, after the war. My personal war aims are what I hope, what I *intend*, for my own way of life, my own work and leisure, my own and my friends' opportunities, after the war.

Dreams and—

I have no doubts at all that, in the vast majority of the individuals who make up the British Army to-day, these two kinds of war aims—public and personal—exist. They exist all right—however traditionally reticent the individuals themselves may be about them.

I am sure, too, that if the unspoken war aims of each of these individuals could be made articulate, and the common denominator of each of them could be found, they would become a concrete military asset. For in that case you would no longer have an army that proposed to win the war because it would be contrary to British custom to do otherwise. You would have an army each of whose members shared a public dream of the restoration of decency to Europe, each of whose members cherished a private and personal dream of the sort of life that they meant to get for themselves and their children after the military victory had been won.

—Reality

The urgent task is, therefore, first to find the greatest common denominator of agreement between all the individuals in the Army as to how they want the country and Europe to shape up during the years of resurrection after the war. Second, to give every man in the Army the chance to clarify his own personal and private war aims. To make those private aims so vivid and concrete that all the present wastage and frustration, all the blood and toil and tears, shall seem to him—unquestionably and all the time—to be worth while.

How are we going to do this? We are not going to do it by the methods that I adumbrated previously: that is, by setting aside two hours a week for lectures on 'our' war aims delivered by officers or itinerant political speakers from memoranda issued by the War Office.

Fortunately, there is already an instrument which can be adapted for our purposes. That instrument is the 'lecturette'. The 'lecturette' is a ten-minute lecture given by a recruit to his fellow-recruits. In most training establishments 'lecturettes' are confined to military subject matter. In other training establishments, where civilian subject matter is permitted, the discussion of politics and religion is discouraged, if not banned. (What, by the way, would Oliver Cromwell have said about *that?*)

Dynamic Democracy

For a start, then, I suggest that in every training regiment and in every service unit in this country for the next few months, and for two hours every week, recruits and fully-trained soldiers should give 'lecturettes' on their own public and (if they feel inclined) their own private war aims. These 'lecturettes' to be followed up by passionate argument and efforts to convince. For it is the primary duty, these days, of those who feel strongly on the subject of the-war-and-what-ought-to-be-done-after-it's-over, to persuade other people rationally to accept, or rationally to reject, their views—even at the risk of seeming 'intense'. For only in this way can democracy become dynamic at this time. And if there aren't enough people here who feel impelled to try to convince their fellows of the rightness of their own convictions, then there isn't a hope in hell for democracy.

Cromwell's men served a ruthless dictator who did not shrink from destruction. Yet they dreamed of a Commonwealth, and had a solid cultural background, with Milton and Marvell as propagandists

The 'lecturettes' could take a variety of forms. Besides the pure expression of conviction, those people who know about the rise of the Nazi movement, or German history, or the Treaty of Versailles, or the economic history of Europe since 1918, could talk about them. Alternatively, the speaker could expound and criticise the latest statement by Priestley, or some provocative article in *World Review*.

The Common Denominator

But, whatever form the 'lecturette' took, the two-fold object would always be the same: to find the highest common denominator within the British Army on our public war aims, and to stimulate each man in the Army into clarifying his own private war aims.

Bluff 'realists' may consider this an absurdly abstract programme. But let them consider what it might have meant if some such programme had been carried out within the French Army.

There was no common denominator of agreement whatever between the various sections and strata of the French Army on public war aims; and the private war aims of each of them were only too often connected with getting back to the past. Getting back to the café on the corner, and the plot of ground, and the slippers laid out by the fire. The past was like a mother to them. They had no vivid magnetic dream of the future which could seem to make it worth their while to cut the umbilical cord.

Two kinds of War Aims

I think, myself, that the whole question of morale is very much bound up with this question of private war aims. That is to say, whether a soldier's personal war aims are concerned with getting through the discomfort and the danger and the beastliness, so as to get back to the familiar past—the comparative comforts of civvy life, the cup of tea in bed on a Sunday morning, the non-existence of the Sergeant-major, the summer holiday with the family in Devon. Or whether he is concerned to survive the discomfort and the danger and the beastliness in order to help fashion, for himself and his family and his comrades, a world, a home-town, a village, a way of life, that is utterly unfamiliar and different, utterly new.

In any case, such a plan as I have outlined could do no particular harm. At worst it would prove to the U.S.A. that our authorities still tolerate the democratic method. At best it might have resounding effects.

The Dream in the Knapsack

For no doubt it would be a fine thing—and it would have a salutary effect on the neutrals and the people of the conquered countries—if the Government were suddenly to announce 'our' war aims. But how much finer a thing—and how much more salutary the effect on the neutrals and the people of the conquered countries—if the world began to realise, around April of this year, that the British Army was becoming passionately aware of precisely what it was fighting for. That the British Army was carrying with it—as Cromwell's Army carried with it—a dream of a world utterly different, utterly new. Such a dream would command the attention of the four corners of the earth. Such a dream—to put it, for the sake of the bluff 'realists', at its most concrete—would be worth ten armoured divisions.

3

Is our Army getting the Best Officers?

by a MODERN SOLDIER

Officer Cadets at Woolwich, 1858.

Have we advanced since then?

'Never was the old school tie and the best that it stands for more justified than it is to-day', said Lt.-Col. R. C. Bingham. 'The cadet is judged as a gentleman, rather than an officer', says the writer of this article. 'He is asked "What school did you go to?" and "What games did you play?"'

We are coming nearer the time for the last and sternest part of the war—the smashing of Nazi power on land. Whether we succeed or fail, the cost in lives and anguish will depend largely on the young officers, the future subalterns, and the company commanders now being trained for commissions or selected for such training. It is essential that we should select the best men and give them the best possible training. Are we doing this? The answer is, we are not.

Men are selected for training as officers by two methods.

The first is through the Reception Units set up in different parts of the country when the war began. Here, within certain age limits, men who had previous military experience or had taken Certificate 'A' through school or University O.T.C.s were enlisted for further training. For some months they went direct to Officer Cadet Training Units, and in four or five months became commissioned officers.

Then Mr. Hore-Belisha laid it down that no further commissions were to be granted except through the ranks. This, in practice, did not mean that all enlistments through Reception Units were cancelled, or that those men already enlisted in this way had to enlist again in the ranks and take their chances of a commission with other volunteers or conscripts. It meant that Reception Unit men were posted, for periods varying from six weeks to four months, to Other Ranks Training Centres before going on to O.C.T.U.s.

Cadet Cliques

In far too many cases the excellent principle of making future officers serve in the ranks first is nullified by forming separate squads of Reception Unit men in recruit companies, or putting all such men into the same squad, where they tend to form separate cliques. They eat the same food, share the same accommodation, perform the same duties and are subject to the same discipline as the ranker. But the most valuable factor—free mingling with rankers, getting to know the minds, habits, and problems of the sort of men they will later have to command—is lost. It should be a strict rule to split up 'potential officers' as much as possible among different squads.

The second path to a commission lies through selection from the ranks.

Any time during or after the first week, recruits will be asked whether any of them have been to a public school, secondary school or university. Those who have will be watched by their N.C.O.s and officers, and some will be put forward as candidates for future training at an O.C.T.U. Some may decline the privilege, others who have not been selected may ask for it, and their claims will be considered, in the first place, by their Company Commanders.

But this is only the first step. They have still to be interviewed by Boards ranging from their own unit officers to the Brigadier, Area Commander or G.O.C. Not until they have satisfied all these that they are suitable, do recommended men proceed to an O.C.T.U.

What qualities do the powers-that-be look for in future officers?

'What was your School?'

Remember that in most cases these candidates for commissions have been in the Army only a very short while, and this is a test not of military knowledge, but of character. What probing questions are asked to find out if the pulse of leadership beats behind the young soldier's battledress?

These are some favourite questions asked by senior officers:

'What school did you go to? What games did you play? Were you a prefect?'

'Have you any family connections with the Army? Are they officers?'

'What did you do in civilian life?'

At an interview to find suitable future officers for the Royal Armoured Corps, a leading question was: *'Do you hunt?'*

It is clear that the officers who conduct these interviews and choose the young men who will have to beat Hitler's armies are still mainly concerned with questions of class and

breeding; that they are more concerned to keep, as far as they can, the commissioned ranks a preserve for the upper middle-class than to find the best officers; that a good school, a university, good family connections, a pleasant appearance and a correct accent, count for far too much; and that no real attempt is made to find out whether the candidate has character, personality, qualities of leadership or special knowledge.

The splendid type of young worker who proved himself a natural fighter and leader with the International Brigade in Spain would have only a faint chance of gaining a commission in our Army to-day.

Yet Time is of the Essence

Nor is it only in the selection of officers that we fall short of the standard we must reach to win this war in the shortest time, with the least loss of lives. The training at the O.C.T.U.s. needs drastic improvement.

In the first place, at most O.C.T.U.s there is appalling waste of time because all new intakes are lumped together without being graded according to their previous military experience.

Thus a Regimental Sergeant-major, with many years' service, who has decided to take a commission, and who in a few months' time will become a first lieutenant, or a young sergeant who fought in France and saw his platoon off the beach at Dunkirk, finds himself in the O.C.T.U. in a recruit company, together with young militiamen with only two or three months' training. (Often that training has not even been in the arm into which he is to be commissioned. Many men go from anti-aircraft units, for instance, to Infantry O.C.T.U.s.)

To treat these men as recruits is an impertinence, and to keep them at O.C.T.U.s for four or five months is a waste of time, both for their instructors and for themselves. Such men, once they have been approved as suitable type for officers, should be commissioned immediately.

Conditions of life and training vary a great deal between different O.C.T.U.s, but some of the following criticisms apply to all of them, and all to some of them:

That training, especially in infantry O.C.T.U.s, is out of date;

That, especially in the first month, too much time is spent on drills.

The argument that drill instils discipline is pointless, since future officers should be self-disciplined. Drill parades are nearly always taken by N.C.O.s, and it is not necessary for an officer at a time like this to know more than the bare essentials.

That there are too many elaborate guard-mountings and fatigues, interfering with the opportunities for private study.

That the 'spit and polish' obsession which is being slowly and painfully weeded out from the Army proper is still ridiculously apparent at O.C.T.U.s.

Same old Spit and Polish

Cadets who must master in four or five months what takes eighteen months to teach at the Royal Military College in peacetime, must also spend long and laborious hours polishing brasses. The effect on morale is deplorable. Nowhere in the Army will you find men so 'browned off' as at O.C.T.U.s.

Off Parade, the Cadet is watched carefully by his officers and staff instructors. But what do they watch him for? Seldom for signs of leadership, or to see if he is grasping what is taught him, but for lapses in conduct from the

conventional standard laid down for officers in the age that ended on September 3, 1939.

He is judged as a gentleman, rather than an officer. And an ex-public schoolboy with no personality, initiative or dash, who has only a faint idea of what an officer's duties are and no idea at all of what this war is about, can still get his commission easily enough so long as he keeps himself out of trouble and his boots and rifle clean.

Variations from type are not encouraged, and an independent and critical mind is too often classed as dangerous.

Out of Date

The standard of instruction varies from O.C.T.U. to O.C.T.U., but it is a fairly general complaint that too many officers and N.C.O.-instructors are either elderly reservists or young officers from University O.T.C.s with no actual experience of this war. There is little attempt to adapt training to the peculiar conditions of the war. Many of the text-books and training manuals used are out of date, and need to be urgently re-written, with the whole volume of experience gained in Spain and France, Belgium, Norway and Egypt added to them. Particularly, the use of armoured divisions and aircraft needs to be stressed in tactical teaching.

Every cadet should be made to keep in touch with what is happening in the world outside the O.C.T.U. The political and economic aspects of the war, its swift diplomatic changes, the uses of propaganda, should all be subjects of special instruction by expert lecturers, not necessarily on the staff. At present, a cadet who reads only the comic strips in the *Daily Mirror* and 'Infantry Training 1937' can still pass out as an officer.

A reply often made to criticisms such as these is that the critic is disgruntled and wants to throw the commissioned ranks in the Army wide open for every Tom, Dick and Harry to rush into. This is not the case. If we are not getting the best officers, and not training them as we should, the remedy is not to make the getting of a commission easier, but more difficult. The tests should be more difficult, but different.

Civil Status should not Count

Education must obviously always be an important factor, but social standing and family connections must cease to count. Any man who promises to show leadership and efficiency, and who can inspire confidence, should have an opportunity of training whatever his job in civil life and his accent. The result would be that far fewer professional men—bank clerks, lawyers, stock exchange brokers, teachers—and far more mechanics and young skilled factory workers would be selected.

There should also be a big increase in the number of Regular N.C.O.s and Warrant Officers who are offered commissions. This can be brought about by grading these men and giving them either direct commissions or shortened courses at O.C.T.U.s. At present, many who are offered commissions refuse because they do not wish to undergo the long training as cadets, widely known as the lowest form of military life.

The splendid victory of General Wavell in Egypt has shown us what modern arms and methods can do. But the battle for Europe will call for even greater effort, even newer methods, keener brains. Urgently do we need changes to build up the genuinely democratic, efficiently officered Army which will wipe Fascism off the face of the earth.

LIBYA

THERE is no such place as Libya. Wavell's Army of the Nile is not invading it, but is attacking Cyrenaica, the most eastern of the three provinces held by the Italians—Cyrenaica, Tripolitana and Marmarica.

As well talk of invading Libya as talk of invading the tropic of Capricorn, which is a purely geographical term. So is Libya, a collective name which embraces the whole of the North African region lying along the shore and southwards.

There *is* a Libyan desert—but the British invaded it long ago; for that desolate stretch of sand—the largest desert in the world, almost as large as India—stretches far east into Egypt, and far south into the Sudan, and north almost up to the shores of the Mediterranean. Almost. For when we chase the legions of the sawdust Cæsar, we go *out* of the Libyan desert and into the (comparatively) fertile coast region of Cyrenaica.

This is how we stand now. The fall of Benghazi, with its 62,000 inhabitants, means the fall of Cyrenaica, giving us invaluable ports along the coast, strengthening our position in the Mediterranean. It does *not* mean an easy way to Tripolitana, where Mussolini's greatest colonisation has been carried out. Tripoli is 700 miles from Tobruk, and an Italian withdrawal from Cyrenaica might easily mean more strength in Tripolitana. Tripoli, the chief port, with 108,000 people, is much nearer Sicily and Italy than Tobruk, Derna and so on.

But we have other helpers, and here is a prophecy. The soon-to-be immortal story of the Abyssinian patriots will be repeated in—yes, we *will* call it Libya. The Arabs will rise against the self-appointed Protector of Islam. Mussolini knows the Arabs remember that in the last war they drove the Italians down to the sea, until they held only Tripoli and one other small town; and that as late as 1923 they were independent.

Of the 900,000 inhabitants of Italian Libya, less than 100,000 are Italians, after thirty years of colonisation. The other 800,000—Arabs and Moslems—detest the Italians as much as the Italians hate the Germans.

But revolution in peace time was impossible. The Italians were armed, while every night the native troops had to hand in their rifles. Now they cannot do that. Revolt in this land of dates, olives, oranges and sand, will follow automatically—vengeance for the brutal depopulation of nomad tribes by Graziani, who blocked up vital wells with concrete; vengeance for the seizing of the fertile land—only two per cent of the whole country—for Italians; vengeance for the villages that have disappeared—fired by Italians.

Then the Italians will go—as, before them, the Greeks, the Romans, the Spaniards and the Turks, have come and gone.

NOEL BARBER

Musso: 'H'm. These fellows wear black skins, not black shirts.' French cartoon, 1926

Libya had a Youth Movement. Arab Fascist boys drilling on the Cyrenaican seashore

Italy versus Islam

by SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

The writer, one of the first Muslims to write on this subject, is a prolific author of books on Oriental subjects and an authority on Islamic affairs. He was at one time Examiner in Oriental Languages at Edinburgh University

UNTIL the outbreak of the Turko-Italian war in Tripoli thirty years ago, Italy was the Muslims' favourite Christian country. That struggle between expansionist Italy and the Sultan's forces aroused passionate indignation throughout Islam, from Morocco to the fringes of the Far East. I well remember the excitement among the Indian Muslims and how the students of the Muslim University of Aligarh burnt their red tarbooshes that had been imported from Milan. To-day the Fascists (with the possible exception of

the Nazis) are to the Muslims the most hated people in Europe.

At the end of the Tripolitan War the smarting of the Muslims was slightly lessened by the clauses of the Italo-Turkish Treaty that permitted the mention of the Sultan's name, as Leader of the Faithful, in Muslim sermons at Friday Prayers.. To us it was a matter of sentiment, because we wished that a million Muslims in Libya, who had been politically detached from the centre of the Islamic orbit, might at least continue to retain a religious association. The Italians signed that Treaty, but they did not observe it. The Libyans, both from the uplands of Cyrenaica and the inner desert of Kufra, perceiving the inroads of the Italians into the realm of Islamic religion, so successfully revolted during the Great War as nearly to rid themselves of the Italians; it was the overwhelming superiority of mechanical armament that enabled the Italians to reconquer Muslim Libya. The atrocities then permitted by General Graziani were so terrible that the mere recollection of them brought tears to the eyes of an old Turag warrior who told me about them as we drank coffee together in Damascus recently.

Into the Desert

After seeing service in Eritrea since 1908, General Graziani was appointed in 1921 to an important post in Tripolitania, and was marked out by Fascist Rome to translate into reality Vaspiri's dream of a new Roman Empire by the point of the sword. This he managed to do so well at Fezzan and elsewhere amongst the Libyan Muslims that—even the official Italian records admit as much—this Italian Nero, to-day engaged in leading the Italian troops against Egypt, banished 80,000 Arab Muslims from their homes in Cyrenaica with their flocks to the inhospitable desert of the Gulf of Sidra.

The loss of human life is not known. The magnitude of the depredation is indicated by the official figures regarding the ownership of animals by the Arabs. In 1926 the Arabs had 800,000 head of sheep, 75,000 camels, and 14,000 horses. After the subjugation by the ruthless methods of Fascists in 1933 these were reduced to 98,000 sheep, 2,600 camels and only 1,000 horses. The total number of goats had dropped from 70,000 to 25,000, of oxen from 10,000 to 8,700, and of donkeys from 9,000 to 5,000.

Sweet Aloes

Beyond the militant aspect of the Italo-Libyan dealings, in which General Graziani had been the chief offender, there are other facets of Fascist policy, which the Orientals call the Sweet Aloes policy. The late Governor-General in Libya, General Balbo, was a typical example of that velvet-glove method of rule. Superficially extremely solicitous of the Muslim interests of his subjects, he managed to deprive the Muslims living in the uplands of Cyrenaica of their productive lands in favour of the Italian emigrant farmers, and worked out a Five-Year-Plan for the absorption of 20,000 emigrants to Libya, reaching a total of 100,000 in 1942, and not stopping even at 500,000 in twenty-five years.

The real object, however, is military occupation of a Muslim country, and the establishment of a strong strategic base on the shores of the Mediterranean, from which the Italians could always threaten the independence of other Islamic countries.

During the Italian occupation of Libya, neither the health of the people

nor their educational progress has seen any change for the better. A census taken in Tripolitania a quarter of a century ago gives the population as 569,093, and another, recorded at the high-water mark of Italian rule, in 1931, shows that it had fallen to 522,914.

Nor have the educational services anything to boast about. Three years ago there were only eighty-seven schools, with eleven thousand pupils; not a very edifying record for a population of nearly three-quarters of a million Muslims. Higher education also is limited, and was started only five years ago with a seven-years' course. The best that graduates of these colleges can hope for are minor appointments in an office, where the controlling voice is always that of a Fascist. When Balbo laid the foundation of an Islamic Culture College, it was really intended to keep Libyans at home and prevent them from going for higher education either to Egypt or to Tunis, where there was the danger of their realising their backwardness under a different European administration.

The Arabs are compelled to become Fascists—and thus Italians. They are not permitted now to say only As-Salem-Alaikum (may Peace be upon you), the usual Muslim method of greeting, without lifting hands, but must also give the Fascist salute, even to their religious teachers. The enrolment of boys from the age of ten upwards is compulsory in Gioventu Araba del Litorio, the Fascist Organisation of Arab Youth, similar in conception to the Hitler Youth Movement.

And with this unhealthy record of Italian rule, Mussolini had the presumption to announce in 1937, during his Tripolitan visit, that he was the Protector of Islam.

Italians used to shoot Muslim Arabs. But cartridges were costly, hanging was more humiliating . . .

In a wider international field, too, the deep designs of Italy's government are manifold. It was no secret to the Muslims that after the Great War Italy insisted upon the control not only of Syria but of a large part of Anatolia. Italy's terrifying tactics against the Muslim Holy Order of the Senussi in Libya also created an antagonistic impression throughout the Muslim world both because of its own heinousness, and because, after the persecution of the Senussi, even the high military officers of the Italian expeditionary force did not hide the fact that their next march would be towards Cairo.

Musso's Muslim Menace

In 1924 a new bogy was created in Rome. It was said that the Muslims were going to form a Grand Confederacy against the White Dominance of the World. The scare was projected in every European capital, including London. Even the United States was warned of the coming Muslim avalanche, and was asked to watch her Philippine interests closely, because the Muslim menace was to manifest itself as a Dark Peril in the Far East, which would ally itself with the Yellow Peril.

A year later Mussolini was again pressing for his share in the Muslim countries bordering on the Eastern Mediterranean, and suggesting that Great Britain should assist him, for the Turks had in that year signed a treaty with the Russians, as if thereby skies were going to fall.

While on the one side Mussolini was pulling the strings against the Muslims in Europe, on the other he was doing the same against Great Britain and France among the Muslims.

The overtures of his officers to Imam Yahya of Yemen in the Red Sea deserve to be better known, for over and over again Mussolini has offered to have the Imam's country explored for oil, and to build dockyards at Hodeida, on condition that Italians should have the monopoly of Yemen oil, and that if the Yemenite seaport was so constructed, then Italian shipping should use it without dues. This would enable him to deliver a blow upon Port Sudan, and, above all, possess the southern bottle-neck of the Red Sea should he consider it desirable to close the sea route to India for British and other ships. From that point, too, he could menace both the Aden Protectorate and British Sudan. The Imam, of course, could get a 'living allowance', and he did not care overmuch about his independence, for that would be looked after by the Italians. Fortunately, the wise Imam would have none of it.

Eagle-faced Tyranny

Still, there is no denying the fact that every effort was made to embroil the Muslims of Arabia against the British by smuggling arms into the country. I have it on indisputable authority that both Herr Thomas and Herr Krantz, the German representatives of armament factories, had Italian partners at Hodeida as recently as 1939, and that during the course of two such arms transactions a deal was done for 50,000 rifles and more than a million rounds of ammunition.

When, therefore, in their domestic policy the Italians have been so cruel to our co-religionists; when they have tried to embroil us with other nations; when they have intrigued against us; when they have coveted our Muslim lands and resources; how is it possible for the Faithful not to feel menaced by the evil forces of Fascism, of which eagle-faced Graziani is the savage emblem?

The Embarrassments of BORIS

THE facts of geography have brought Bulgaria into the forefront of the European picture. Her territory lies across the two alternative roads of the German advance: that which leads to Salonika and the Mediterranean, and that which leads to the Dardanelles and the oilfields of the Middle East.

BORIS AS A BABY

With all Western Europe in German hands, and with Soviet Russia installed in Eastern Poland and in the Roumanian province of Bessarabia, it was inevitable that Bulgaria should be the next country to receive Hitler's attention as Germany pursues her plans of Eastern expansion. And Bulgaria affords the easier of the two routes whereby Hitler 'can assist Italy against Greece, for, when once the barrier of the Balkan mountains has been crossed, a stretch of comparatively easy country gives access to the vital port of Salonika.

For nearly thirty years Bulgaria has been numbered among Europe's malcontents. When, with her Balkan Allies, she had made successful war on Turkey in 1912, the victors fell out over the disposal of the spoils. Having lost her share, Bulgaria sought to regain it by backing Germany in the first World War. Again she was on the losing side. She came out of the war with claims against each of her neighbours, Roumania, Turkey, Greece, and Jugoslavia.

At the Peace Conference she sought, and failed, to establish her claim to a corridor of territory running between Turkey and Greece to the little Aegean harbour of Dedeagach. To counter her claims upon their territory her four neighbours concluded the Balkan Entente, pledging themselves to mutual assistance if any one of them was attacked by 'another Balkan Power'. When Roumania fell under Axis influence the Entente ceased to exist. To-day all that remains of it is the firm friendship between Greece and Turkey.

Germany has constantly tried to cash in on Bulgaria's grievances against the Peace Settlement. Macedonia, the South-west corner of Bulgaria, has always produced a rich crop of revolutionaries, ready to take part in any desperate venture. German agents have been busy in Macedonia, building up a Fifth Column for Hitler. With twelve German divisions concentrated across the Danube in Roumania, Hitler's friends have intensified their propaganda. They have pointed to the fact that, thanks to the German domination of Roumania, Bulgaria has achieved one of her aims, namely, the recovery of the Roumanian province of South Dobruja.

When Italy invaded Greece it looked as though Bulgaria would profit by the opportunity to seize a part of Greece's North-eastern province of Thrace. Turkey countered that danger by moving strong forces to the Turkish-Greek frontier. It was a courageous decision, for many military authorities thought that Turkey, threatened by the danger of a German attack, would withdraw her forces behind the powerful barrier of the Dardanelles to ensure the protection of her Asiatic provinces.

While Germany intrigued with the Bulgarian Fifth Column and Russia dangled before the country the offer of a mutual assistance pact, King Boris struggled hard to keep his country from falling under any foreign 'Protector'. And President Roosevelt sent his special envoy, Col. Donovan, on a five thousand mile journey to Sofia to tell of the great assistance which Britain will receive from across the Atlantic. That visit and the support which the R.A.F. has given to the Greeks have done much to counter the legend of Axis invincibility. And the chaos and massacres in Roumania gave the Bulgarians a grandstand view of Hitler's 'New Order' in practice.

The fate of Boris, therefore, is on his own head.

PETER MATTHEWS

A BOOK OF TO-DAY

English Saga, 1840–1940

reviewed by PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

In pessimistic moods we sometimes wonder whether 'all this progress' is worth while. But our spirits are lifted again by such sights as a bishop in a tram, and that chapter of the English Saga which is still to be written

A LITTLE while ago the Archbishop of York was lamenting the disappearance of the 'growler'. 'Give me,' he said, 'a nice four-wheeler cab with a trotting horse to take me from the station.' It might, perhaps, be regarded as evidence of the gradual democratisation of England during the past hundred years that a not very remote predecessor of Archbishop Temple never drove out of his palace with fewer than six horses. It is true that this prelate of the old school survived into no more than seven years of the period covered by Arthur Bryant's *English Saga*,* but his grandson, Sir William Harcourt, stamped his mark on half the century. I myself have lived to see bishops in trams, and once a conspicuous and celebrated dean—looking profoundly ill at ease—in the Underground.

But Archbishop Temple's 'growler' represented more than a mere carnal craving for a vanished pleasure: it had a spiritual significance. It was to him the symbol of a lost world, the Arcadian England that knew not aeroplanes, telephones, motor cars, or radio. Was it a happier England? If happiness depends on the capacity for enjoyment, maybe it was. From *English Saga*, allowing for the heightened suggestion of opulence that is obtained by the simultaneous display of all one's effects, one does get the impression of more varied, if less sophisticated, pleasures. Everything was simpler, contrasts were sharper, and if black was black and white white there was also a prodigious flourish of colour.

With each decade in our advance towards a more completely civilised life we seem to have discarded some of the traditional adjuncts to good living. The boisterous heartiness that underlay traditional merrymaking has gone as inevitably as the stage-coach and the London 'particular', and with it much solidity and unadvertised self-confidence. There was less comfort—judged by present standards—but more gusto. In many material aspects conditions were appalling; on the other hand there was more limited perceptiveness. It has been for us to discover that increased enlightenment does not guarantee a greater contentment. On the contrary, the enlargement of education has removed the few stabilities of the old

*Collins with Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10/6.

world without providing in their place a superior set of standards; has, indeed, transformed every past acquiescence into a note of interrogation.

The sixty years of the nineteenth century that are paraded in *English Saga* are as animated and richly coloured as *Petrouschka*, or Frith's *Derby Day*. Their elements had not completely disintegrated when the Great War came:

'*When the Kaiser with his mailed fist threatened England, he did not threaten England alone. He threatened the Fourth of June, and the May Day choir on Magdalen Tower, and the village bonfires on Guy Fawkes' Night; the M.C.C. and the Reform Club, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and the Ancient Order of Buffaloes. Behind the easy façade of England there was something mightier than England; there was Hayward and Hobbs going in to bat, the Oddfellows' dinner, and the Old Kent Road.*'

Busy Bees

It was an age drenched with tradition:

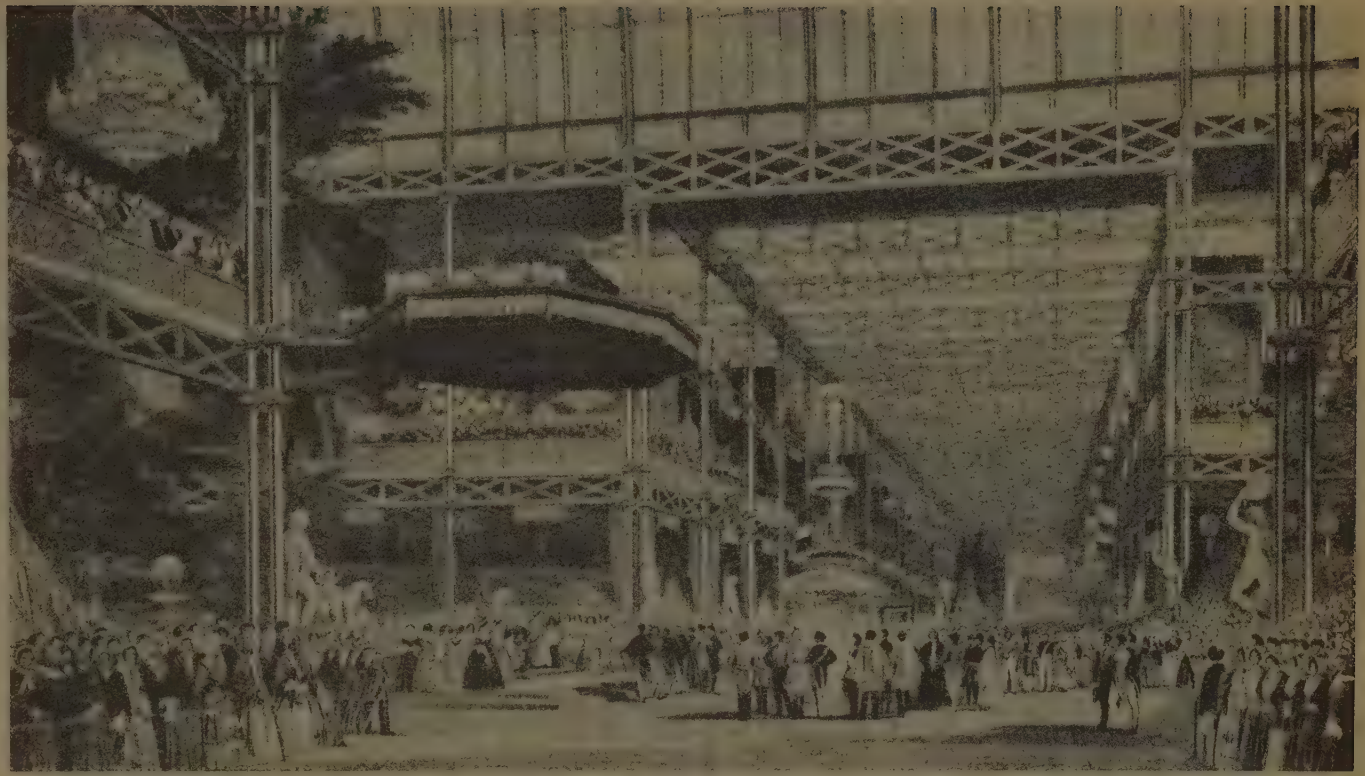
'*Like bees the country gathered honey from the flowers of their own history. The combs in which they stored it were the manifold institutions in which they expressed their social life. Church and State were only the greatest of these—prototype and symbol of all the others. Every parish was an institution—a living organism from which successive generations derived purpose and inspiration.*'

It was an age that saw the birth and development of innumerable institutions and tendencies, great and small. One visualises a *montage* of seaside holidays and 'trippers'; gin palaces, street arabs and top-hatted 'Peelers'; pugilists who, with bare fists, milled their way through interminable bouts to bruised and battered insensibility; morris dancers and mummers who were taken for granted and folk songs that had not yet been bowdlerised for the drawing room; stucco, jerrybuilding and the 'slavey'; panoramas, magic lanterns with dissolving views, the Harlequinade and those firework displays to which 'summer time' has brought a sadder finale than ever the most drenching rainstorm could accomplish; the family Bible, family album, and family prayers, paternal authority, and Paterfamilias writing to *The Times*.

'Afur the Machines Come'

It was a period that saw the introduction of Education Acts, Factory Acts, Trade Unionism and Joint Stock Companies. A period of Free Trade and Cheap Bread. Period of vast mechanisation. 'Wurken an the land is lovely wurk,' said an old Buckinghamshire labourer, 'an in mi time I wurked furteen and fifteen hours a day, *but that was afur the machines come about.* We sowed by hand, and threshed wi' the thraiul. It was lovely wurk.' A right little tight little island, with usually a war in operation, though agreeably remote from its shores, and effectively dealt with by its red-coated stipendiaries. And always to the westward there was the 'dark cloud' of Ireland. Our statesmen were immensely concerned (as they still are) with the Balance of Power.

'*The ruling principles of Britain's policy were to preserve the balance of European power, protect the Low Countries and the Channel coast, keep open her trade routes and strategic communications, and establish the rule of righteousness on earth. The last object—that of playing St. George to the dragon of foreign tyrants—generally coincided with the first, since any ambitious despot with a large army who threatened to overthrow the balance of power inevitably trampled in doing so on the liberties of his*



On May Day, 1851, the Great Exhibition was formally opened by the Queen. It was the dedication of the 'grandest temple ever raised to the peaceful arts'

own subjects and weaker neighbours. In repelling such a threat to her own interests, Britain was thus in the happy position of also fighting the battle of human freedom and morality. As her statesmen and people were always quick to emphasise this point, she was less liked by large nations than by small.'

The aristocracy, its prestige undimmed, made a brave show. The scene in Hyde Park on any fine afternoon during 'the Season' and at Church Parade on Sunday crystallised the glories that reached their zenith with Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Yet High Society was shaken almost to its foundations by the episode of Tranby Croft, eventually to be known as the Baccarat Case. Every branch of life, save perhaps the Arts, exhibited giants, overtopping innumerable pigmies. There was an almost legendary dynasty of statesmen that petered out with Joey Chamberlain, monocled and dapper. Exiled in Camberwell and the British Museum, Karl Marx deplored the impossibility of making the Englishman class-conscious, and Keir Hardie entered the House of Commons, dismissing the brass band that had escorted him, but retaining his deerstalker cap—strange badge of the proletariat—and made history.

Peace in our Time

All this is but a hasty and superficial cross-section. The period attained its superb feat of efflorescence with the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace—apotheosis of Albertism—that transformed a corner of Hyde Park into Aladdin's Cave and was designed to usher in the Millennium. Unhappily it was followed in rapid succession by the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, and only last year the palace's concrete foundations were brought again to light by men who filled sandbags—items in the present far from pacific upheaval.

Mr. Bryant salutes the good things of the past, dwells grimly on its darker aspects, and passionately points the way, though also a trifle vaguely, to a happier future. He sees how the nineteenth century was blighted, on the one hand by the individual's feverish endeavour to get-rich-quick, on the other by the State's obstinate adherence to the policy of *laissez-faire*.

Laissez-faire

'The economists were proved right in their contention that enlightened self-interest, unfettered by State control, would enrich men more quickly than by any other means. Yet the human misery caused by its pursuit justified the prophets of a more ordered society who warned an unheeding generation that profits created at the price of social health and contentment were illusory. In the long run they were not profits at all.'

The practice of *laissez-faire* in face of the divorce of the individual from responsibility to the community persisted even after the Great War:

'After a century of security and being taught by their rulers that the needs of the living were all that mattered, they were called upon to sacrifice themselves for the sake of the continuing community. Four generations of laissez-faire *thinking and living had not robbed them of their patriotism.'*

This *motif* of 'the continuing society' recurs frequently in Mr. Bryant's tapestry. Man is not an insulated, self-contained being, but a member of a continuing community. 'Every living man has an unfair advantage over posterity. So has every generation.' 'England is now learning again that neither wealth nor power nor comfort, whether for class or individual, are ends in themselves: that the wealth of a nation consists in nothing but the

virtue of her children and her children's children.' Our failure to recognise this lost us the Peace in 1919. 'The peacemakers were not bad men—only uninspired and, for all their entourage of experts, ignorant.

'*They had none of the knowledge of far humbler men whom their great limousines passed on the dusty roads around Paris. They had not shared the soldier's crucifixion and his blinding, revealing vision. They could not, therefore, conceive a new world. . . . They never saw the simple truth that for four years had been flashed nightly across the sky above the trenches in which millions of men who had no conceivable personal quarrel lived troglodyte lives to slay one another in the slime; that a competitive world ends in a warring world. The peacemakers not only strove to reconstruct an impracticable system; they unconsciously aggravated it.*'

Revolution—or Compromise?

Wherein lies the safeguard against the repetition of this calamnity? In revolution? By some miraculous coming together of classes and interests? 'Within their strong but narrow confines,' says Mr. Bryant, 'the English had developed the capacity for compromise, ordered freedom and toleration which is the core of modern democracy.' This is true, but unfortunately the evolutionary method of progress marches slowly, and what the young men of this war are demanding is a wizard's wand. All is to be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Failing this magic, how evade the cunning temporisers, astute financiers, watchdogs of vested interests, men with money bags who can afford to wait, men with knuckle-dusters in ambush for idealism to show its silly head, to-day's counterparts of the wreckers of Versailles and Geneva? Given time, of course—

'*Baldwin, like his Socialist* vis-à-vis, *Sidney Webb, believed in the inevitability of gradualness. And it was just possible that by some miracle . . . the nation might ultimately have escaped the toils of its fatal economic disease by gradual methods and so have achieved what it was seeking. But it was never given time. For the breakdown of the economic system on the Continent came too swiftly for the snail-like pace of Baldwinian evolution.*'

Yet another Chance

How afford the maximum amount of individual freedom while assuring its adequate contribution to the community—the continuing community? On the answer to that question depends the survival of democracy. A nation learns its lessons with least willingness in times of prosperity, fatness, and self-satisfaction. Maybe, from these desperate days will emerge the impulse on which will be created the land fit for heroes (or near enough) that Mr. Bryant rightly demands, and which we were promised in 1914.

'*England has always learnt her lessons from her past mistakes. That is why in the last resort—on the Dunkirk beaches of her history—she is so great . . . An island fortress, England is fighting a war of redemption not only of Europe but for her own soul. Facing dangers greater than any in her history she has fallen back on the rock of her national character. Her future and that of the world depend not only on her victory but on her ability to restate in a new form the ancient laws of her own moral purpose and unity. By so doing she may discover a common denominator for human reconstruction more glorious than anything in her long past.*'

These are fine, stirring words. *English Saga* is a fine, stirring book. But we want no more Dunkirk beaches to teach us where our duty—or, to put it at its lowest, our true interest—lies.

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

'Vice Versa'

reviewed by ALAN JENKINS

'Schooldays are the happiest days of one's life.' Shame on you, if you have ever said this to your children! It isn't true, and you know it. But Mr. Bultitude didn't . . . .

EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY-TWO. Let us fix the period. The 'latest rollicking French polka' is being rattled out on the piano upstairs. Bernard Shaw has just written an unsuccessful first novel; *Treasure Island* is on the printing-press. Cockneys still talk rather like Sam Weller. One goes to the railway station in a 'patent safety hansom'. One takes the children for an exhibition of magic, not to Maskelyne's, nor yet to Maskelyne and Devant's, but to Maskelyne and Cooke's—in the Egyptian and not St. George's Hall.

And education? Mr. Forster's Education Act is over a decade old, and elementary schools are making great strides: says Clegg, the cabby, in *Vice Versa*, 'The kids, they're a-learnin' French and free'and drorin', and the bones on a skellington at the Board School, and I pays me coppers down every week cheerful.'

Another decade must pass before Samuel Butler inveighs bitterly against the relations of Victorian parents with their children. Kipling, who will write *Stalky and Co.*, is still in his last years at United Services College, Westward Ho! *Eric* is no more than an unexpressed lump in Dean Farrar's throat.

But Mr. Forster has made no difference to that changeless phenomenon, the select private prep. school. Nothing ever does, it seems, though we should have difficulty in finding a Dr. Grimstone to-day. So, in 1882, F. Anstey's *Vice Versa* became a best seller because everyone who read it recognised, in Crichton House School, that type of upper-class Dotheboys Hall which was then prevalent. So, in 1941, we realise with a mild shock that Crichton House, in all essentials, survives to-day, and you will find Crichton Houses thronging the advertisement columns of *The Times Educational Supplement*. If anything, the teaching profession has deteriorated since these times, now that masters are chosen mainly for their prowess at games. Private schools are still staffed by men who have little enthusiasm for their profession, who draw their £2 a week with board until a better job appears. One adopts teaching as a last resort, unless one has prospects of a public schoolmastership. Unhappy private schoolmasters! Underpaid, overworked, you would fain emulate Inigo Jollifant and run away from it all into something more romantic.

But Anstey was more concerned with giving 'a lesson to fathers' than with the shortcomings of prep. school education. *Vice Versa* is a farce that depends very largely on its idea. Paul Bultitude, a pompous Mincing Lane business-man, is seeing his son Dick off to school. Schooldays, he remarks, like so many Bultitudinous fathers, are the happiest days of one's life. 'I only wish,' he sighs, 'I could be a boy again like you.' And behold! his wish is granted, for unwittingly he has been holding the magic Garudâ Stone in his hand. He is transformed, physically, into his son: his son, physically, becomes him; but each retains his own mind and mannerisms.

And so poor Mr. Bultitude has to go to school, while young Dick stays at home. Dick, with his father's house and money at his disposal, either makes toffee with the office boy or plays soldiers with the baby. He welcomes back to the Bultitude homestead Uncle Marmaduke, the sponging black sheep of the family who, though 'cut off with a set of engravings of the Rake's Progress', is always trying to raise money to finance a 'steam tramway in Lapland'. And—really, Mr. Anstey!—Dick even gets drunk through a surfeit of brandy-and-cherry cake. In short, he makes hay of his father's respectable life.

Tinkler and Blinkhorn

The rest is torment for Bultitude, sadistic enjoyment of which constitutes the reader's delight. But there are some excellent portraits on the way. Mr. Tinkler, the mild little housemaster, is sweet. He alone manages to be heartily 'matey' with the boys: 'Did I ever tell you chaps of a tremendous scrape I very nearly got into up at the 'Varsity?' Mr. Tinkler's scrape was merely that of being 'progged' for smoking in Petty Cury, but he elevates it to the heroic.

Mr. Blinkhorn, the other housemaster, is an even less colourful creature. He is earnest: a revivalist. Seeing Mr. Bultitude's confusion and distress, so different from the rapscallion Dick, he assumes that the boy has 'got religion', and in a masterly scene of cross-purposes tries to convey to him that a deepening of one's spiritual and emotional self is a natural concomitant of puberty.

A Cherman Choke

Herr Stohwasser, the German tutor, is a joy too. He drags his class, like every German master, ruthlessly through *Wilhelm Tell*, until tempted into yet another repetition of his favourite 'choke', a *magnum opus* of laborious wit whose refinements he explains at enormous length. He thought so well of his 'choke' that he sent it to the editor of *Kladderadatch:* 'It has nod appeared yet: it takes a long time to get an imbortant choke like that out in brint. But I write to ze editor every veek—and I vait.'

Dr. Grimstone, the headmaster, was in 1882 considered so lifelike a portrait that several people accused Anstey of having used them as a model. To us of 1941 he is hardly credible. We think of Squeers, and trace a derivation from brimstone-and-treacle. Can any headmaster have been so pompous, so oratorical? He accuses Coggs, a most innocuous child, of demoralising his schoolfellows with 'pernicious peppermints': 'You shall not,' he roars, 'deprave them with jujubes, or enervate them with Turkish Delight!'

On the football field he loves to impress his flock by joining in the game. They make way for him as he limbers up for a mighty kick. They let him score a goal; and, pleased with himself,

human for a moment, he rumbles cheerfully: 'For which side did I win that?' Staggered by the misdemeanours of Paul Bultitude in his son's shoes, Grimstone groans: 'It deprives me of all power to think'; a power with which, despite his great classical learning, he seems at no time to have been over-burdened.

Mr. Burdekin, the dancing master, is chiefly of antiquarian interest: it is many years since dancing masters provided their own music on the violin; but he has an immortal line to speak. 'I wonder,' he bleats coyly, 'if we have forgotten our Sailor's Hornpipe?'

All this time, the likeable character of Dick is being elaborated by implication in his absence. Dick, aged thirteen, is already something of a ladies' man. Paul finds himself the object of rivalry between Dulcie Grimstone, the headmaster's pretty daughter (with whom Dick is apparently on kissing terms), and Connie Davenant, who sends him *billets-doux* in church.

A Victorian Euphemism

The curriculum of Crichton House embraces Latin, Greek, algebra, dancing. Even leisure is repressively organised: the boys have to play 'prisoner's base' under supervision. The school hymns, Anstey observes, rhyme 'join' with 'divine' and 'throne' with 'crown', rather like the dreadful School Hymn in *Antic Hay*. Linguistic notes: 'Young Mutlow's governor and mater'; to be 'spoons on' someone; the colloquial use of the subjunctive—'I wish you *may get* that cab'; and a skilful euphemism, 'administered a sharp jog below his back' for 'kicked his behind'.

The dramatic action of *Vice Versa* is the cumulative leading up of events to the expected flogging or expulsion of Paul, whose real identity is never discovered, partly because he cannot bring himself to disclose it, and partly because no one would believe him if he did. Ah, it is going to be tremendously exciting—a parent thrashed! How we shall enjoy it!

But no. Young Dick Bultitude, in the semblance of his father, arrives in time to save Paul. The subsequent hectic adventures of the wretched Paul Bultitude when he eventually runs away from school are exciting enough, but they are anti-climactic. We are dissatisfied.

On the Side of the Grown-Ups

Why? Because a dreadful, angry suspicion bursts upon us. Although this whole book might conceivably be read as an indictment of private school education, although masters, parents and the solemn world of Mincing Lane are mocked, *F. Anstey was on the side of the grown-ups*. He could not allow a father to be beaten, or a son to enjoy unalloyed triumph (that would have halved the book's circulation anyway).

So, at last, the Garudâ Stone does its work again, and Paul becomes much the same Mr. Bultitude that he was before, though he makes some amends by allowing Dick to leave Crichton House and go to Harrow.

Yet one is sorry to see the last of Crichton House. It is a very real school. It dates much less than those later schools of about 1905 which survive, unchanged, in the *Gem* and the *Magnet*. But these last are public schools. The prep. school has received little attention in recent literature—as a youth community, not as a mere setting for adult intrigue. We need a prep. school Chips. Probably, however, prep. schoolmasters are too busy writing soaring novels of escape to grasp the lighter material that lies so close at hand.

3

W. T. Stead writing:

The social world in England has been scandalised by an incident which, however insignificant in itself, is not a very pleasant symptom of modern manners and modern morals in high places.

To the ordinary honest man who never gambles, the line between cheating and gambling seems so thin that the offence imputed on this occasion does not appear so frightfully heinous. It is otherwise with that exclusive and peculiar section of mankind known as Society.

Perhaps for the very reason that the boundary line between gambling and cheating is so shadowy, the gaming classes have agreed to regard cheating at cards as an unpardonable offence. In their social ethics it corresponds to that mysterious sin of which it is written in the Gospels, 'All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men', but that particular blasphemy shall not be forgiven unto men, neither in this world, nor in the world to come.

A man may ruin his friend's only daughter; he may corrupt his neighbour's wife, and destroy his neighbour's home, and Society indignantly denounces all who object to him as if they were Pharisees and persecutors. But if in the dealing out bits of coloured pasteboard he should take an unfair advantage, so as to cheat his neighbour of a £5 note, away with him, away with him! it is not fit for such a man to live—at least, not in the social circle which he has hitherto graced with his presence. It is very absurd, no doubt, but it exists. And the gravity of the alleged offence is, that it is a violation of the only ethical code to which Society attaches supreme importance.

As this violation was said to have been committed in the very presence of the Heir-Apparent, the supreme pontiff of the social hierarchy, it is as if a heretic had denounced Transubstantiation at the footstool of the Pope.

When uppercrust Society was fluttered by the scandal of Tranby Croft, another Whitechapel murder, on February 13, once more called attention to the conditions of life in the East of London.

It was known six months ago that the woman in question was marked for destruction. The gang of Thugs who ply their trade in Whitechapel have still another victim to make away with before their tale is complete. Such at least is the statement of those who six months ago declared that 'Carroty Nell' was doomed to die; and as they were right in her case, it is probable they may be right in the other.

Thuggee is a form of crime familiar enough in India. It is startling to find that in the capital of the world it is enabled to preserve as impenetrable a secrecy as in the midst of an Indian jungle.

While Thuggee is unchecked in Whitechapel, and gambling, with or without cheating, is the amusement of Royalty, it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that the moral sense of many Irishmen should be so far dulled as to lead them to sacrifice their religion and their morality to their devotion to Mr. Parnell, or that the Liberal caucus of the Forest of Dean should have asked Sir Charles Dilke to stand as a candidate before he had cleared his character by law.

Fortunately, in the midst of this general deliquescence of public morality, the Catholic Church stands firm on one side and the English Nonconformists on the other. The Irish Bishops and Archbishops have . . . called upon their clergy to warn their flocks against having anything to do with Mr. Parnell. As for Sir Charles Dilke, the Nonconformists cannot allow a man found guilty of charges immeasurably more heinous to return to public life until he has either cleansed his character or pleaded guilty and repented of his crime.

The Bookshelf

The Fabian Society gives an answer to Hitler in 'Programme for Victory' (Routledge 5s.). Review by Michael Foot

DESPITE the collapse or atrophy of party organisations in the past year, there has been a ferment of political ideas more extensive, probably, than England has known since 1931. War has worked like a hothouse. Political thinking has sprouted up in new and often strange places. The collapse of France taught us, if we still had to learn, that Hitler's genius was chiefly political in character. Somehow an answer to him had to be sought in this sphere.

Here is a book which summarises, often concretely and always competently, the opinions which have found expression in so many quarters. It is produced by the Fabian Society, and all the six contributors state their case with great force and brevity.

Professor Laski opens the book with a chapter called 'The Need for a European Revolution'. The arguments are familiar, yet it is good to read them, together with the specific propositions. They have been so often debated that perhaps we are inclined to think them stale. Yet translated into action with sufficient drama by the British Government they would give to Britain the indisputable moral leadership of mankind. How much that would aid us in holding the military bridgehead of civilisation surely no one can minimise.

There are other excellent contributions on different issues, particularly Professor W. M. Macmillan on the Colonies. But perhaps most interesting is the question running through them all which the writers pore but scarcely answer. In one sense it is the old quarrel between freedom and organisation, now made all the fiercer by the pressure for central control and direction which changes in the technique of production enforce upon us. In another sense it is the desire to combine the security which Hitler claims to offer with the liberties which we wish to preserve. It is the problem of retaining our belief in the rights of the individual in a society which must become increasingly collectivist.

Most of the history of Socialism in the past twenty years revolves round this central dilemma. Good liberal ends have been sacrificed in applying necessary Socialist means and methods. The result has often been disastrous, and disillusionment in the Socialist movement has followed as a consequence. The dilemma has been best stated in Ignazio Silone's great book *The School for Dictators*. No Socialist can shirk the issue, least of all Fabians.

The contributors to this book have shown their full awareness of the task. Herbert Read, writing in *Culture and Liberty*, and G. D. H. Cole in his final chapter on a Socialist Civilisation, both force it. They supply no final solution. But others may be prompted to tackle the task. The man who does it with real originality and spirit will have performed the best service in enabling Socialism to recover its faith and the Labour Party to recover its ambition.

Kenneth Allott claims that Jules Verne, about whom he has written a book (Cresset Press, 15s.), was H. G. Wells's superior in the sphere of 'scientific' romance—in originality, sometimes even in humour. Review by Michael Witcomb

THIS book contains about 10,000 facts. Nearly three hundred people are mentioned in it, and some one hundred and fifty books are quoted. It is a kind of 'Nineteenth-Century Digest', an adventurous voyage of 20,000 leagues under the sea of yesterday's ideas wherein we may find the rudimentary organisms of to-day's troubles. For the life of Jules Verne was hardly eventful enough to warrant a new biography *per se*, and it is used as a convenient framework

on which to hang a myriad 'newsy' details of the most romantic periods in a striving, competitive, prolific century, with special reference to that gaslit Second Empire whose glamour fascinates even the Leftest of our modern social historians.

Mr. Allott knows a devil of a lot. He should dash off an encyclopædia some wet week-end. We have hitherto known him as a poet; but here he appears omniscient on science, philosophy, and practically everything else. His family is related to that of Verne, and he is thus able to bring some entirely new material to his task.

At this point it should be emphasised that Mr. Allott is no mere popular educator. It was, we believe, Renan who prophesied that the twentieth century would fish its ideas out of the nineteenth-century wastepaper basket and twist them into disaster. To show how this happened is Mr. Allott's achievement, if not his primary aim.

Verne was a bourgeois, a provincial. Like Zola, Cézanne, and Mr. Deeds, he went to town to make his fortune, and returned to the provinces to enjoy it. His love-life was not spectacular; in him there was little *choucroûte-de-Montparnasse*, though he began his literary career by writing ambitious verse-plays, with an occasional operetta-libretto to earn his bread and cheese. He ended, as respectably as Shakespeare in Stratford, a town councillor of Amiens and, like the little chemist in *Madame Bovary*, an Officer of the *Légion d'Honneur*, blessed by the Pope for the high moral tone of his writings. Latterly he hardly ever left Amiens, and in 1892 admitted that he had never seen the Eiffel Tower.

H. G. Wells was in his early twenties when Verne was at the height of his succcess. Mr. Allott wishes to show that in the sphere of the 'scientific romance' Verne was superior—in originality, scholarship, and imaginative prophecy; even, sometimes, in humour. Of *The Begum's Fortune* he says: 'The book has a perfectly serious warning about the danger to France of a Germany industrialised for war purposes, and an interesting early view of town-planning in the city of the future, not a vague Wellsian affair of chromium and good wishes.' Likewise Verne envisages gas warfare, and a Big Bertha that will fire a single shell to destroy the whole of Paris. In the *Secret of Wilhelm Storitza*, however, the idea of an invisible man seems to have been borrowed from Wells. One or two of Verne's as yet unrealised foretellings 'make you think': for example, Francis Benett, the American newspaper magnate in *The Day of an American Journalist in 2889* says: 'You English will not resign yourselves to the fact that England is now an American colony.'

We may note, in a last look round, that Mr. Allott stresses Verne's debt to Edgar Allan Poe, an understanding of whom 'is a short cut to an understanding of the nineteenth century'; that he is fond of malicious digs such as 'Culturally, Edison was a hick', and 'The muscles of the garden suburbs are still exercised vicariously on Everest by Mallory'; and that he acquits Verne of two accusations: (1) of mass-producing his later works by a team of hacks, as was said of Edgar Wallace; (2) of being a Polish Jew.

It's a happy life in the Army—if you've enough pocket-money. This is the conclusion to be drawn from 'What, No Morning Tea?' by Anthony Cotterell (Gollancz, 4s. 6d.). Reviewed by Kaye Webb

ANTHONY COTTERELL is a young journalist called up for Army service, and this is the diary of his first eight weeks' training as a recruit. It is a pleasant, very readable little book, not purporting to be a serious study of Army life or Army training, but valuable as a day-to-day record of the experiences of an intelligent and sensitive observer. Those who are waiting to be conscripted or who have relatives or friends in the Army will find it especially interesting.

The author has covered every development from the arrival at the training camp of '200 young men, shambling down a subway like convicts', to the great tension prior to the official 'passing out' by the Regimental Sergeant Major. 'For God's sake keep your hands behind the seams of the trousers. He looks for that.'

He has evenings of boredom and days when he is very exhausted, but on the whole he demonstrates most reassuringly that the chances of any man being actively unhappy in the Army are small. 'These first few days I was perpetually

surprised to find out how happy I was. All my interests were, for the moment at least, switched to being strictly military. . . . I had lost interest in personal advancement except in the Army.'

And later: 'We do not seek any outside contacts, except with girls. We hardly speak to anyone from other platoons. Socially we are very self-contained: a community in a community. There are no social outcasts. No one spends an evening by himself except from choice. And I don't find the presence of other people irritating. You learn to take no notice. I often march more than a mile before bothering to see who is marching on either side of me.'

An effect that is very noticeable is that this intimate, disciplined life (24 men sleeping in one hut) produces the unthinking, good-natured attitude of the average 14-year-old schoolboy. They play mouth organs, talk after lights out, rag the man in charge of them and regularly 'make' each other's beds. They are also quick to give help, provided they can show off a little.

Mr. Cotterell was luckier than most recruits. When he felt depressed or hungry, he could afford to buy a drink or a meal out of barracks. And his first illness was spent in a comfortable hotel room. Being also unmarried, he did not have to face the greatest problems of Army life, lack of money and separation.

What, No Morning Tea! is a good enough opening to a fuller use of the author's literary gifts.

THE AMERICAN IMPACT ON GREAT BRITAIN, 1898–1914. By Richard Heathcote Heindel. University of Pennsylvania Press. (London: *Oxford University Press.*) 24s.

'I cling to the illusion that it is vitally important that the United States understand itself as a factor in world civilisation. Historians have not given sufficient attention to the part we have had in European life and opinion. Quite rightly, they have studied European contributions to the United States, but have neglected, either as a problem of cultural history or as a matter of daily increasing national importance, the impact of American civilisation abroad. This volume . . . is probably one of the first efforts on a broad scale to see how one nation gets its ideas about another, and what use one nation makes of another's experience. It should prove stimulating to the propagandists. . . . I hope it will add more reality to Anglo-American discussions.'

FAITH FOR LIVING. By Lewis Mumford. *Secker & Warburg.* 7s. 6d.

From the preface to the English edition: 'Up to the time the final proofs were corrected, on July 10, no one could be sure that England would survive the war for another week. Hence, though in radio addresses and articles during this period I pleaded for unreserved political and military co-operation with England for the defence of civilisation itself, my book was perforce addressed almost exclusively to my own countrymen. But, as it happened, the first response to *Faith for Living* came from the British people. . . . No one could be more humbly aware than myself that the publication of *Faith for Living* in England is a carrying of coals to Newcastle. You have proved your faith. . . .'

EMPLOYMENT AND EQUILIBRIUM. A Theoretical Discussion by A. C. Pigon, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. *Macmillan. 16s.*

Primarily addressed to professional economists.

BASIC ENGLISH FOR CZECHO-SLOVAK STUDENTS. *Evans.* 3s. 6d.

Sponsored by the British Council as part of its effort to ensure that the friendship and co-operation between Britain and her Allies which has grown up during the war shall be continued, as the result of mutual knowledge and understanding, after peace has been re-established.

THE STORY OF A NORFOLK FARM. By Henry Williamson. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

'A few years ago, during the intense farming depression, Harry Williamson, foreseeing trouble, decided to become a farmer. Under-capitalised and with no experience of farming, and against all the good advice of his friends, he bought a yeoman-sized farm in East Anglia. This book is the story of his struggle.'

ENGLAND'S HOUR. By Vera Brittain. *Macmillan. 8s. 6d.*

SPY AND COUNTER-SPY. By Emanuel Victor Voska and Will Irvin. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

'The Autobiography of a Master Spy': The story of how loyal Czechs, residing in America during the neutrality period 1914–17, banded themselves together to checkmate the work of German espionage agents.

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Our Propaganda

U.S.A. AND US— 'DADDY,' said the Very Young American, 'what is propaganda?'

'Propaganda, my son, is the name people give to the exposition of ideas they do not like.'

'Why don't they like the ideas, Daddy?'

'For various reasons, but mainly because the ideas are different from what they believe or from what somebody has persuaded them to imagine they believe. People are suspicious of different ideas. They are afraid somebody is trying to Sell Them Something.'

'Daddy, what happens when people like the propaganda?'

'Ah, my child, when someone tells us something we want to hear it is no longer propaganda. It becomes an Able Statement of the Eternal Truth.'

News from the Outpost (Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies)

POINTS TO STRESS— OUR opportunities, confined to two in 1918, appear now to have expanded to six or seven. We can (*a*) undermine the millions of homesick Nazi troops in the occupied territories; (*b*) disseminate what I shall call 'liberty-guidance' to the hundred million people of the Captive States; (*c*) address ourselves in particular drill-sergeant style to the civil population in Germany; (*d*) develop direct approach to the Italians, as initiated by Mr. Churchill; (*e*) prepare a different dish again for Austria, Vienna and the Danube; (*f*) maintain a sustained, truthful version of events for everyone, friend and foe; (*g*) when the time comes, go all out on peace aims.

We should bear in mind that in the last war we had to consult lots of Allies over all questions of propagandist nature, but that to-day the need for such consultation has been reduced very considerably as we seek to liberate most of Europe.

So on with the works, Mr. Eden! The brains are there, and the will. As for the cost—Crewe House's total bill last time was £70,000!

FERDINAND TUOHY, *The Sphere*

THE GERMAN CASE— THE fact that Hitler can voice the slogans of Marxism as readily as Stalin himself, that Germany is Russia's ally, lends colour to the Communist suggestion that of the two imperialisms—Britain's and Germany's—the German is for the worker the less dangerous.

The degree of knowledge concerning the nature of 'British imperialism' may be gathered from these incidents: The other day in Chicago, there was a procession with banners, on one of which was the device: 'Let Britain free the slaves in Ireland'. Mr. Hearst the other day wrote of 'Britain's ownership of the Transvaal Mines'. At a meeting of some two hundred students and professors, which I addressed, there was much fulmination against Britain's commercial exploitation of India. Of the two hundred present, I discovered that just one person amongst them was aware that India had acquired the right to make her own tariff.

Is it not about time that 'British Propaganda', to which Americans attribute quite satanic efficiency, let a little light into current conceptions of 'British Imperialism'?

SIR NORMAN ANGELL,
Time and Tide

—IS ALREADY STATED— PROPAGANDA is a direction in which 1941 must show improvements over 1940. It is not only concerned with broadcasting and press articles. Germany is sending overseas hand-picked teams of men and women not too obviously Teutonic, but with the money, the social airs and graces to qualify them to be given a welcome in the most exclusive and influential circles in the countries to which they are sent. They set out to make friends and then start gently dribbling out pro-German or anti-British views.

They are getting enormous help from representatives of Vichy France. Both tell roughly the same story—Europe has always been a cauldron of unrest, unsettling to world trade as well as politics: Germany will weld it into one

'EITHER WE DESTROY LONDON, OR LONDON DESTROYS US'

'HITLER AS HE REALLY IS'

Our propaganda: The Ministry of Information has given much attention to posters. These, by 'Kem' (Kimon Evan Marengo, a British subject born in Greece), are in Arabic. Their superiority to 'Your courage, your cheerfulness', etc., needs no emphasis.

economic unit, something like the British Empire: so why should neutrals in America interfere? The more Germany can succeed in creating a European state, the better it will be for American trade. And so on, and so on. This may sound absurd to you and me, but cleverly put across, it is sinking in, particularly in certain parts of the U.S.A.

We have so immeasurably the better case, yet we mumble and bleat and whisper as if we were afraid of our own voices.

Condensed from *Defence*

MOBILISE WRITERS— DURING the 1914–1918 war —and particularly during 1916–1918—the various Governmental departments did, however reluctantly, link up with publishing activity. We had world-famous authors, such as H. G. Wells and the late Arnold Bennett, inspiring and controlling important aspects of international war propaganda. Nor was this confined to a few authors and publishers and the Ministry of Information. The Admiralty, the War Office, and the Royal Air Force were equally keen to enlist the services of publishers, publicists, authors, and artists.

To-day the pregnant facts of the situation are, first, that an intensive broadening of propaganda in its widest sense is an urgent national necessity; secondly, that the existing well-organised machinery of publishing and bookselling is obviously a first choice as a medium for its expression and dissemination; lastly, that there is a considerable body of men and women writers who, for want of opportunity and practical encouragement to make a *literary* contribution to our war effort, are now virtually wasting their talents.

If, as we believe, it was wise and just to preserve the printed word from the provisions of the Purchase Tax, is it now too much to ask that every facility be granted whereby the printed word can prevail in this titanic struggle for the preservation of Christianity and democracy?

CECIL PALMER, *The Quarterly*

—AND ADVERTISING THE principles of political and commercial propaganda are one and the same. Doctor Goebbels realised this at an early stage, and boasted nearly ten years ago that he would use American advertising methods in his election campaigns. And as soon as he had the power, Goebbels conscripted most of the leading commercial advertising men in Germany for his propaganda ministry. But in this country people cannot see that what sells National Socialism, the British Empire and American democracy, is also what sells chocolate, toothpaste, and patent medicines. They cannot see it because they do not appreciate that in selling a toothpaste the problem is 'to sell an idea', just as much as in the case of selling a country the benefits of a particular political philosophy.

Such objectives as 'we want to sell more of this brand of chocolate', or 'we want this particular country to declare war against Germany', are the reason for undertaking the planning of a campaign, with its necessary opinion research as the first step.

PETER CROMWELL, *Horizon*

EXPORT DRIVE THE heavy trade journal advertising and publicity drive in China by the Germans has resulted, despite the British blockade, in an 83 per cent increase in the sale of German goods to the Chinese.

British exports to China, on the other hand, showed a substantial decline.

The Chinese are not going to lose the war in China. They are just as determined to win the war as we are. They will win, if it takes them fifty years to do it, and they will go on buying all the goods you can ship them and get into China. Germany knows this, and better selling has won them the day.

Not only are the Germans advertising in all papers which will accept their ads. but, as Mr. Millington has pointed out, they are inundating Chinese firms with journals specially printed for the purpose.

The Germans are shipping hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of goods via Siberia —the most expensive freight way into China.

British firms must counter-attack German propaganda in the Far East by efficient propaganda. This can be done in collaboration with any first-class British agency with an export department. Sufficient goods must be shipped abroad to keep the markets open for Britain after the war, otherwise markets will be lost.

Advertisers' Weekly

BOMBS ARE PROPAGANDA THE first principle of any policy for dealing with Germany is to remember that the Germans are not British. Several of our Ministers have still to learn this elementary truth. They appear to think that because we stand up to indiscriminate German bombing and admire the restraint imposed upon our airmen to bomb only military objectives in Germany, the Germans would stand up to the devastation of their cities as we do, and already admire us for the strictly military character of our aerial bombardment.

This is very bad psychology. Among the reasons that enable us to stand up to German bombing is our, almost unconscious, recognition of the fact that we have no alternative to victory. The Germans think otherwise. They glory in successful war but have never relished unsuccessful war.

One way to convince Germany that Hitler cannot triumph would be to crush one German region after another, and to give notice beforehand that the civilian population of such regions must be evacuated by a certain date. To give this notice would be propaganda. The German people would begin to see that Hitler could not save them. They would turn from him and think of their future.

WICKHAM STEED,
Rotary Service

With All Due Respect

JUST to hand, two stories of the Home Guard:

Sentry: Halt! Who goes there?
Ghostly form in the murk: Foe.
(Pause.)
Sentry: Halt! Who goes there, I say?
G.f.i.t.m.: Foe.
(Pause while sentry fetches the sergeant.)
Sergeant: Halt! Who goes there?
G.f.i.t.m.: Foe.
Sergeant: You buzz off; we are not properly organised yet.

Now for the other one:

Sentry: Halt!
Voice from without: Who goes there?
Sentry: I'm supposed to say that.

Autocar

Royal Hermann

GENEALOGICAL research has shown that Hermann Goering is related to King George VI, through a common descent from the Plantagenet Henry II.

The investigation into Goering's ancestry was undertaken by the city of Brunswick at the Reich Marshal's forty-eighth birthday, and revealed that Goering is directly descended from Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria and Saxony in the twelfth century. If so, then the genealogical records of Meyer's Lexicon show that Goering must also be descended from Henry II of England. Duke Albert II of Brunswick, who died in 1318, was a grandson of William, one of the three sons of Henry the Lion and Princess Matilda, his second wife, the daughter of Henry II of England.

Hamburger Tageblatt

Our Conscientious Communists

SO Captain Cook was sent to observe a transit of Venus from the island of Tahiti in the Pacific Ocean in 1769, and the distance of the earth from the sun determined. On the way back he annexed Australia. If he had been born in 1898 instead of 1728 he would not now be commanding one of His Majesty's ships, as he was the son of a farm labourer and apprenticed to a haberdasher at twelve years old —in fact, he was not a gentleman.

J. B. S. HALDANE,
Science in Peace and War

How to be a Modern Poet

ON the wrapper of almost every new book of verse we may read that the author is irreproachably 'modern'. Poets of a former age would be mystified by the extraordinary importance that we appear to attach to this quality. It is, however, to the new school whose sympathies are mostly with Communism that it is especially important. We have to except the one or two genuine poets who are associated with them.

These writers are fond of condemning all those who do not appear to them to display what is sometimes called 'contemporary consciousness', on the ground that they are 'escapists'. Indeed, they are fond of condemnations in general. The periodicals they issue can be relied upon to contain some pronouncement to the effect that all Romantic poetry is suspect, or that no writer can now write well unless he is in sympathy with the Communist movement.

It would be difficult to find a set of writers living in a world more truly private than these. Their values are those of a clique. An air of irresponsibility surrounds their work, reminiscent of a particular intellectual society. Consider the characteristics of their criticism: the intolerant dismissals and the wild judgments, the delight in prodigious theories, the deliberately slap-dash style, the impatience of dignity and courtesy. What are these but the familiar properties of the students' magazine? These writers, in fact, are living in the mental world of the pretentious undergraduate. . . . A writer should constantly refer the values by which he works to the values of the world around him.

LAURENCE WHISTLER,
Kingdom Come, Oxford

Clare Boothe and Ciano

THE darnedest people turn out to have been dramatic critics. Miss Clare Boothe has to go and bring up the news that Count Ciano, the Italian boy who made good by marrying the boss's daughter, once reviewed the theatre for a Roman paper. In her lively and interesting book *Europe in the Spring*, she also confesses that the co-designer of the German-Japanese-Italian bandit pact was once a playwright. It seems that he wrote a drama called *The Golden Land*, and the critics picked on it and it was a failure, and Count Ciano married Edda Mussolini and became an international gangster.

Anyway, it appears that Count Ciano was telling Miss Boothe about the collapse of his play, and in the process he turned pale. 'You don't know,' he said, 'what those critics did to me!' Then, Miss Boothe narrates, 'he gulped and closed his eyes. "You've never had a failure." I said, "Oh, yes I have." Then I told him about my first play, which had been the outstanding flop of its season. "My God!" he said, beaming at me like a long-lost sister, "you *do* know?" After that I understood Count Ciano very well indeed.'

RICHARD WATTS,
New York Herald-Tribune

Spain's Thyssen

JUAN MARCH owns stocks, bonds, utilities—'I'm so rich I don't know how rich I am. . . .' He owns, too, the soul of Spain, if Spain has a soul any more, and if Caudillo Francisco Franco is the soul of Spain as he claims he is. For Don Juan owns Franco, as Thyssen owned Hitler once, and as Volpi and Ansaldo owned Mussolini.

He's not much to look upon, this Juan Albert March. He has a high-domed head that's bald as a pecan only it is the colour of a shark's belly, the same as his face. He has a thick, hooked wedge of a nose and a rubbery pink mouth. Two hazel eyes that sometimes seem grey and at others dark brown swim behind thick glasses. [He is seventy-two.]

Long ago, when he was a lathy, clear-eyed boy in Palma, he smuggled tobacco by rowboat from the ships that touched at the port.

From tobacco smuggler he became a financial Merlin. Until he was twenty-one years old he couldn't read or write. There is no real proof he can read or write to-day.

His constant companion is a priest, a jovial fellow in his middle fifties with whom Juan March plays dominoes. Because of this some say that Juan March's ancestry was Christian and not, as his enemies claim, of Jewish stock.

His business motto is 'Buy cheaply, sell dearly'. He is a pawnbroker on an international scale. His wares are tobacco, potash, armaments, ships, stocks, bonds, men and nations.

Indalecio Prieto, Socialist, went to March in 1930 and asked him for money to start a revolution against the king. March replied that he wouldn't because he was grateful to the king for having permitted him to return to Spain [after being exiled by Primo de Rivera].

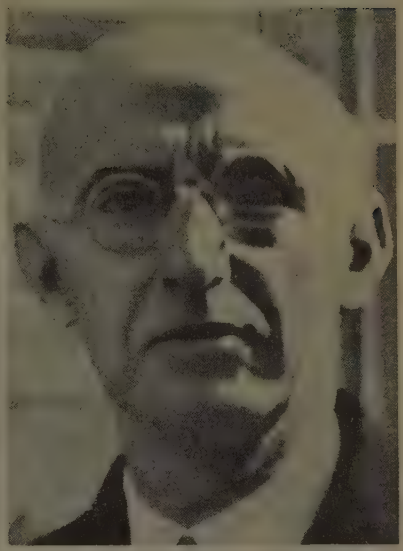
In July 1936 a Monarchist named Calvo Sotello was perforated by bullets by Assault Guards and his body dumped into a pleasant park in Madrid, known as El Retiro. This assassination precipitated the Spanish Civil War.

Franco went to March for money. He got a blank cheque from the financier.

The body of Calvo Sotello was still warm when March flew to Rome. He talked with Italian Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano 'I want planes, quick.'

In Fenchurch Street, E.C.3 London, there is a brokerage office . . . this company did the bookwork on the Spanish Civil War finances.

Don Juan had 5,000,000 American dollars in a prominent New York bank. This sum was immediately placed at the disposal of Franco. He gave to Franco outright, in spot cash, a further ten million pesetas, then worth about a million and a quarter dollars, and 500,000 British pounds. These were all gifts. The money bought shells, bombs and planes from Italy.



HE BUYS AND SELLS MEN, ARMS, NATIONS

Later the money helped Franco pay the hire of Italian 'volunteers'. In addition to March's money, Franco drew upon the private funds of ex-King Alfonso XIII, who invested most of his 20,000,000 dollar fortune in his comeback attempt and is now holding the bag in Italy.

Of his love life only this is known—beautiful Tina de Jorque was killed by anarchists in Barcelona at the outbreak of the Spanish War. Her only sin was to have known and loved Juan March, and from this fact can be had a measure of the hatred Don Juan enjoys in that Spain that is now submerged but may live again one day. 'God is omnipotent,' he is fond of saying, 'but money is His deputy.'

You ask him why he ever backed Franco at all, why he set into motion the forces that devastated Spain and are now devastating Europe, and he replies candidly:

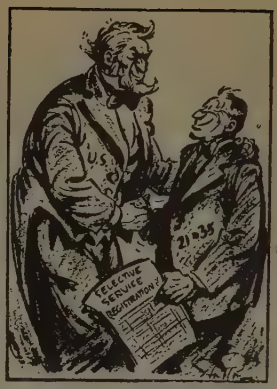
'I wanted to make money.'

FRANK GERVASI,
Collier's Weekly

CARTOON CROSS-SECTION

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

AUTHENTIC GREEK MASTERPIECE (*circa* 1940)
From Armless Duce To Armed Democracy

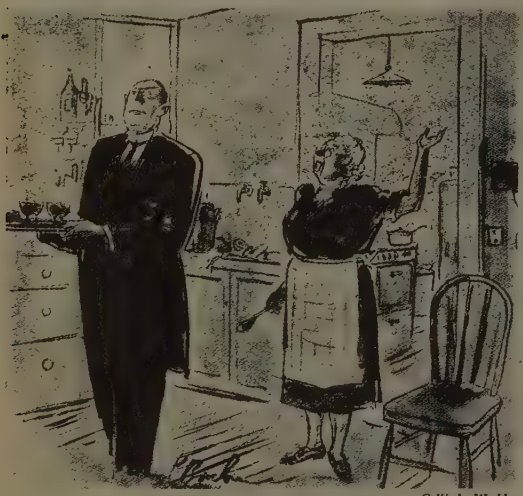


Philadelphia Inquirer

'Shucks, Uncle—It's a Privilege!'

Kansas City Star

'Leaning Farther and Farther': Middle West Still Shirks War



Collier's Weekly

'Queer, isn't it? Six chauffeurs, two butlers, a gardener and two housemen, and it's the *master* who gets drafted!'

Melbourne Argus

His Own Medicine

Collapse of Vicar

'DON'T give the baby a war name' revives memories of Chas. Bignell's song during the Boer War. Chorus was:

The baby's name is Kitchener,
Carrington, Methuen, Kekewich, White,
Cronje, Plumer, Powell, Majuba,
Gatacre, Warren, Colenso, Kruger,
Capetown, Mafeking, French, Kimberley,
Ladysmith, Bobs,
Union Jack, Fighting Mac, Lyddite,
Pretoria Blobbs.

Letter to *Daily Mail*

Genius in Art

NOT SO SERIOUS IT is clear that people are turning to serious plastic art as well as to music and literature for entertainment and comfort. Needless to say, it does not follow that because one says *serious* one means solemn. The effective representation of even the most lighthearted mood constitutes serious art.

To take a parallel from an art that is as far removed as possible from painting, one has only to recall the genius with which Miss Florence Desmond has been amusing millions of listeners recently in that preposterous and delightful song, 'Oh, what a surprise for the Duce, the Duce. . . .' There is room for pictorial equivalents of Miss Desmond's art, as there is for the mood of a Michelangelo or a Cézanne.

The moods of art are precisely as various as the moods of humanity, and they have only to be effectively presented to provide pleasure and matter for reflection.

THOMAS MCCREEVY,
The Studio

VERY SERIOUS AS a rule most artists are rather stiff-necked. Usually they decide to become artists against the will of their fathers. Among the more famous painters (excepting cases wherein both father and son were painters) Joseph M. W. Turner is, perhaps, the only one whose father (a barber) cheerfully endorsed his son's desire to become a painter. To venture forth according to one's own wishes and against those of one's father is a difficult matter, both in its sentimental and economic aspects.

I should say that ten geniuses in a century would be sufficient. The rest may go to the dogs. But in order to have one genius, half a hundred thousand or more commonplace artists must be born at the same time. These latter are all of the sort to defy parental wishes and consequently are unmanageable. But to eliminate the commonplace artists would be to eliminate also that one prospective genius.

Bungei Shunju, Japan

Played, Sir!

COACH Warren Woodson, of Arkansas State Teachers' College, who came here this morning to teach a Sunday School class, described John the Baptist, forerunner of Christ, as 'an ideal athlete'.

'John the Baptist would have been the answer to a coach's dream,' he said, pointing out that his plain, simple and temperate life made him strong both physically and spiritually, and 'tough enough to stand the gaff.'

'John the Baptist proved himself a great team man as far as Jesus was concerned,' he said. 'When the multitudes pressed about him and would have made him their idol, he reminded them that Christ, and not himself, was the captain and the quarterback—that Christ was the man with the ball.'

Arkansas Gazette

Scholarly Spitting

WHEN a Nazi pilot came down from his machine, he spat in the face of an English sergeant. 'He did not recover consciousness till the afternoon.' That was all that was added as the result of his insolence. The operative part of the incident was omitted. I do not know what one would call this in grammar except a brachylogy. A similar one appears in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

The llama in the Zoological Gardens spat once hard at me. But such behaviour in a human creature implies ungovernable rage. In the *Antigone* of Sophocles, 1232, Haemon was embracing his bride Antigone, who had hanged herself, when his father appeared. He spat in his face. He was, as the text shows, insane with rage and despair. To suppose a merely figurative sense, 'with looks of loathing', spoils the vigour of the passage. So Jebb notes in his fine edition, and Bulwer Lytton, a good classical scholar, had taken the same view years before.

Notes and Queries

Headlines of the Month

EX-SERGEANT OF NIGERIA POLICE ALLEGED TO HAVE MISTOOK A PALM-WINE TAPPER FOR A MONKEY AND SHOT HIM DEAD.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

DENTIST HEARD HIS 'DEAD' WIFE'S VOICE WHILE FILLING A MEDIUM'S TEETH.

Psychic News

Idea of the Month

AMONG the items on order for United States defence, are 99 hostesses, to brighten the soldier's lot at 33 Army training camps. The Army's new Morale Division already swamped by 600 applications, last week published its hostess specifications:

Age: 30 to 50 (for senior hostesses); 25 to 45 (for juniors).

Education and experience: high school or its equivalent; three years in a similar line of work for seniors, at least one year for juniors.

Pay: $2,100 a year for seniors, $1,620 for juniors.

Hopeful soldiers, lightsome newsmen wondered out loud whether the lower age brackets for junior hostesses indicated that the Army was bidding for glamour. The Morale Division in Washington announced frostily that it was interested only in ladies of dignity and dispatch; no mere *women* need apply.

Time

Life is a Volcano

BORN and bred in what was thus a 'land of fire', the forefathers of the Japanese people of to-day must have developed an attitude of resignation toward volcanoes, and also earthquakes; for where volcanoes exist there is always the danger of earthquakes.

The Japanese accept the fact of being constantly exposed to danger; they become consciously immune to the dread of natural disasters. This immunity is, after all, necessary if one is to live in Japan in any sort of tranquillity. Other peoples might be induced to devote much attention to the construction of earthquake-proof buildings. But the Japanese have not proceeded very far along these lines. Scorn of death is certainly a powerful driving force behind the Japanese nation.

No people in the world are so particular about the 'etiquette' of death as the Japanese. Right up to the end of the Tokugawa Period (1868) even the children of the *samurai* class are said to have been taught the proper way of committing suicide, *harikiri* for the boys and *jigai* (throat slitting) for the girls.

No people talk about their death so light-heartedly as the Japanese. Man is mortal. All Japanese men and women, young and old, sick and healthy, think of life in terms of death. They are trained to believe that they are alive only because they have been spared death, and they prize life because they consider it has been granted them only on sufferance. Westerners consider it but natural for the living not to die and are constantly longing for immortality. They are too much enthralled by life, which is only one side of the picture, and this leads to Western materialism, individualism and liberalism.

The Japanese, on the other hand, think that the living only live by permission of all the dead as well as of all the other living people around them.

ENTAI TOMOMATSU,

Contemporary Japan

Prairie War Effort

IT will be a matter heartening to Canadian leadership in this war, and to this country as a whole, to know that Saskatchewan communities are fairly vieing with one another in creditable works bearing on the war. Recently the village of Orkney, in south-western Saskatchewan, raised sufficient money in a carnival to contribute a Bren machine-gun to Canada's war effort.

The village of Hazlet, in the Gull Lake district, feels that something it is doing for the Red Cross also has its points. We are informed by the secretary of the Red Cross at Hazlet that, where last year that community raised $75 for the Red Cross, this year a drive has netted no less than $900, and the campaign is being continued in the hope of running the accomplishment up to an even $1,000. The campaign has been going on in the village of 100 people and throughout the rural district tributary to it.

More quite remarkable work, particularly in the light of all the 'grief' this prairie area has known over the past several years.

Regina Leader-Post

Y.M.C.A. CANTEEN IN ACTION

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, Y.M.C.A. ***workers, many of them women, take their mobile canteens under the very muzzles of the guns. They serve thousands of cups of tea in a single night, to gun and searchlight crews and balloon barrage men. And that is only part of a widespread service for the men who are defending Britain.***

Every member of H.M. Forces knows that he has only to go to the nearest Y.M.C.A. centre, or hut, to find a quiet spot for reading, to write letters, enjoy a little relaxation and a snack. When he is travelling home on leave, or returning, he can look to the Y.M.C.A. for a hot meal, a bath and a comfortable bed at small cost.

But what if there is no centre near enough? Even with 900 permanent centres in camps and garrison towns and about 500 canteens, the Y.M.C.A. is not yet able fully to meet the enormous demand for its services, distributed among more than three million men in uniform. And the demand is increasing as more men are called up, more camps established and more aerodromes built. Many of these as yet have no Y.M.C.A. centre. Many more huts and canteens are urgently needed.

You can help to extend this valuable work. Not perhaps by driving a tea-car through air-raids, or working fourteen hours a day washing-up at a centre. But you can help in an equally practical way, with your money. *By sending a donation to the Y.M.C.A., you will be helping to make sure that our fighting men shall always find the welcome red triangle service within reach wherever they may be.* That is something they will appreciate probably more than anything else you could do for them. So send what you can spare, and send it today.

Y.M.C.A

THE ARMY OF TODAY NEEDS THE Y.M.C.A.

THE NATIONAL Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICE FUND B.T.I.
To the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B. 112, Gt. Russell St.,
President: National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund. London, W.C.1.
Vice-President: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London (Sir George Wilkinson).

I am glad to contribute £ : : to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund.

Name (and Title) _____

Address _____

Pin this coupon to your cheque or P.O. Every contribution will be acknowledged.

BRITAIN'S SAVIOUR?

About 'Stuffy' Dowding

WHEN historians get around to writing the history of this war, they may decide the man who saved Great Britain was not 'Tiger' Gort or even Winston Churchill, but a tall, cadaverous Scotsman, called 'Stuffy' Dowding. He is the man who, in the face of great opposition, finally convinced the British Air Council to put eight synchronised machine-guns on the British fighter plane. Manœuvrability, firing power, speed is his motto. He kept repeating it month after month, until the Air Council finally gave in and the Hurricane and Spitfire were the result.

'Stuffy' Dowding also is responsible for the decision to place the cockpit on the Hurricane behind the engine, where the pilot would have a maximum of protection. On his own initiative he worked with a firm of glass manufacturers for a year until they developed a pilot's windshield that would shed machine-gun bullets.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the importance of these decisions in the Battle of Britain. The reported British three to one advantage over the Germans in daylight air battles is due more than anything else to the fact that the British have twice as many machine-guns in each plane as their opponents. It is not true to say British planes are superior in every way. They are slower than the latest Messerschmitts and their ceiling is lower; but as every German pilot who has come down here will tell you, when the British let go with 'Stuffy' Dowding's eight machine-guns, no bomber pilot in the world can stay in formation.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Caswall Tremenheere Dowding, now boss of Britain's fighter command, is a thin, inscrutable figure in blue as he sits at headquarters directing his fighter pilots by radio. By a vast complicated telephone system he knows the position of every bomber over the country, and it is his job to direct the defence to meet every manœuvre of the raiders. In addition, it is his job to warn great urban centres when raiders approach. The banshees howl at his command.

'Stuffy' Dowding flew with the Royal Flying Corps in the World War, and his only son is a pilot to-day. He has served these last twenty-eight years in India and the Near East, where for a time he had charge of the R.A.F., and even to-day, at fifty-eight, he still flies his own plane. Noted for his unsmiling wit, his knobby knees, his stubborn Scottish temper, and his quick decision in battle, 'Stuffy' is essentially a flier's flier.

'The life of a military aviator,' he tells his men, 'consists of hours of idleness punctuated by moments of fear.' In the service his officers idolise him. When you comment on British success in the air, they say: '"Stuffy" did it.'

New York Times

Supply and Demand

A bread line riot occurred in Trieste on January 18 when twenty women were arrested for defeatism. All were released the next day after being forced by Blackshirt secret police to swallow castor oil.

Belgrade report in *Evening Standard*

The Fascist Confederation for Agriculture announces that the production of castor oil will be intensified in order to meet the national demand.

Rome Radio, January 18

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

Chairman:
THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA

Deputy Chairmen:
S. CHRISTOPHERSON
LEWIS H. WALTERS

Chief General Manager:
HERBERT A. ASTBURY

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1940

LIABILITIES	£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	578,663,617
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	4,797,146
Engagements	9,351,644
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England ...	69,527,197
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	21,974,434
Money at Call and Short Notice	26,069,553
Bills Discounted (British Treasury Bills £48,048,384)	57,641,734
Treasury Deposit Receipts	67,500,000
Investments	156,686,506
Advances & other Accounts	188,083,067
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc. ...	14,148,790
Bank Premises	9,613,124
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Shares in Affiliated Companies: Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. North of Scotland Bank Ltd. ... ... Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd. ...	8,199,732

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1939 Vauxhall 12 h.p. Saloon de Luxe.
1939 Hillman 14 h.p. Saloon de Luxe.
1939 Hillman 10 h.p. Drophead Foursome Coupe.
1939 Austin 10 h.p. Saloon de Luxe.
1939 Rover 14 h.p. Foursome Drophead Coupe.
1940 Rover 10 h.p. Saloon de Luxe.

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Youth and Age

Is it true that as a person grows older the mental power declines? Professor Irving Lorge experimental psychologist, gives this answer:

'The charge that there is such a mental decline is an unfortunate libel upon the adults.'

Premier Winston Churchill is 66 and a grandfather. He formed his War Cabinet in the record short time of 36 hours by telephone, and there is not a politician in Parliament with better mental grip, more drive, or greater powers of oratory. Playwright Bernard Shaw is 84, and a bearded patriarch. Only Shaw himself dares mention any effect years may have had on his intellect.

Youth is glorious, but it is not a career. Nevertheless the verve and audacity, the dash and sangfroid of youth is of extreme value in war—and Britain is not behind her enemies in realising it.

The ages of the three service chiefs on both sides match almost exactly. The average age is the same—56. Added together, the Nazi commanders are one year older.

Chief of Imperial General Staff Sir John Greer Dill and Germany's Wilhelm Keitel are both 58. Air Chiefs Sir Charles Portal and Hermann Goering are both 47. At 63, First Sea Lord Sir Dudley Pound is a year younger than Admiral Erich Raeder.

In key fighting positions Britain has thrusting youngsters. The R.A.F. Fighter Command is led by Air Marshal William Sholto Douglas (47), youngest officer of his rank at each of his promotions. Appointed Commander-in-Chief Southern Command last month was General H. R. L. G. Alexander (49), once youngest general in the Army.

Psychology

Is Blockade Effective?

The idea that the defeat of the German Army [in 1918] was due to the blockade on food was assiduously cultivated in Germany as a means of getting the people to believe that the Army had not really been defeated. The food blockade certainly helped. But its main help was probably in reducing the output of munition sowing to the deterioration of the health of the workpeople.

The acute food shortage was due to the sacrifice of food for war ends. Nitrates, which should have been used for fertilisers, were used for making explosives. About two million farm workers were taken from the land for military service or for work in munition factories.

It is very doubtful whether food shortage in Europe will play as important a part in this War as it did in the last. The building up of a food reserve was part of the Nazi 'military economy' established in 1934.

Control of food can be used as a means of keeping conquered people in subjection. Although a sudden shortage of food among a previously well-fed people might cause revolt, a gradual deterioration in the diet is more likely to be accompanied by physical weakness, loss of courage and will-power, and general apathy. People suffering from malnutrition and undernutrition are easily kept in subjection.

It would be foolish to hope for a collapse of the Nazis in the near future owing to food shortage alone. But every means should be taken to let the people in Nazi-occupied Europe know that the free countries are making elaborate preparations to bring food and other forms of assistance as soon as the Nazis are defeated.

Nature

Upbringing

We realised that war was the compelling force of history; there was no other way but that which the Fuehrer had trodden, the way of a decision by force of arms. We had learned it in school, experienced it with our own eyes on the construction of the West Wall; we had been strengthened in our conviction by newspaper and wireless. . . . We had been correctly brought up for the actuality of war experience.

WERNER FLACK, a non-commissioned officer, writing on his war experiences in the *Kölnische Zeitung*

Lord Halifax

More than the weakling Chamberlain, Halifax was responsible for the crime two great democracies committed against Czechoslovakia and themselves.

New York Post

Americans now are so pro-British they would lionise any Ambassador Churchill chose to send.

Akron Beacon Journal

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J'accuse !

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The inside story of France, 1933–1940. 'M. Simone not only names the accused: he arraigns them in more clear and simple terms than any other prosecutor'—FRANK OWEN in *Evening Standard* (*editorial*)

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How 300,000 American-Czechs working voluntarily and secretly foiled German attempts at sabotage 1914–17. An amazing behind-the-scenes story of Central Europe, America, Russia, and Britain—*Book Society Recommendation.* *8/6 net*

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MACMILLAN

Houses in the New Age

CONCRETE AND STEEL? THE Nazi coiners of the word 'Coventrate' would doubtless be surprised if they knew the reactions of Mr. Gibson, Coventry's City Architect, to their efforts to break the city's spirit. He has almost welcomed the demolition work done by Germany's bombers in clearing a site in his city for the carrying out of his plans. Mr. Gibson believes that all planning for post-war reconstruction should be carried out on a national basis, under the control of trained people who can make full allowance for the shifting of industrial centres and encourage the decentralisation of industry in medium-sized towns. Planning should begin now so that there shall be as little delay as possible in beginning reconstruction when the War is over. Concrete, he explained, is capable nowadays of producing far more artistic and comfortable buildings than some of the expedients upon which we were obliged to fall back in similar circumstances after the last war. When war production ceases, much plant will be free which could satisfactorily be turned over to making the components of houses in steel, duralumin and light alloys. Mr. Gibson has in mind an educational scheme for the whole building industry, but recognising that it cannot be put into effect now, he advances a plea for the training of young men of pre-military age in the meantime. Some of his schemes are of the kind that indolent people may prefer to call Utopian; others, as, for example, the nationalisation of land, and perhaps also his suggestion that houses should not be built to last more than thirty years, are highly controversial.

Economist

COMMUNITY CENTRES? 'WHAT we all want,' said a stevedore to me wistfully, as if he were asking for the moon, 'is a little house and a bit of garden. We all hate these flats. It's difficult to get a little house; they're all snapped up.'

The huge blocks of flats have been a social failure and a domestic tragedy. The new estates, with their higher rents and the daily bus fares, have failed to provide the solution.

What is most wanted, in every area, is a great development of the community centre idea, without the charity and without the patronage. If there has got to be some compromise between the barrack block and the little house, there can still be communal gardens, with separate plots, communal parks and playgrounds, and a communal centre or 'family house'.

'Family' would be the basis of the development of these centres. That is, they would serve everyone. Within its walls and grounds, every educational and recreational activity would go on. It would be used by babies, by children and by parents. Spinsters would find an outlet there; old-age pensioners new life. There would be a lending library and reading rooms; swimming bath and gymnasium, art rooms and music rooms. There would be a restaurant and dining rooms, a play room for noisy games and a quiet room for gossip and cups of tea. There would be a nursery, where mothers could leave their babies for an hour. There would be clubs.

The city or borough councils would run these centres. Groups of housewives could combine to serve a mid-day meal. Men also would give their service in practical ways. The centres would relieve drudgery, encourage new pursuits, and widen interests.

The need of the suburban dweller, who has a work ticket in one area and a sleeping berth in another—the commuter, as America calls him—is very nearly as great. His domestic isolation may be splendid; it is also very lonely. The suburban wife is a modern problem; no wonder the slum-dweller rehoused on a new estate wants to get back to the friendliness of the East End streets.

JOHN ARMITAGE, *Spectator*

How Italy Colonises

OUR attitude towards the Natives will be determined exclusively by what we expect from them. Humanitarian prejudices are out of place. . . . Native institutions will be preserved so long as they tend to strengthen the productive power of the people. But they will be rigorously reformed in any directions that are detrimental to our prestige or security.

The purpose of Native education is to create an obedient, respectful, and disciplined population. *If the need for Native schools arises* in the big towns, it will be in order to train reliable interpreters, skilful craftsmen and sergeants for the Native troops. Intellectuals are available in sufficient numbers in Italy. . . . The Native, in short, is to remain a subordinate, co-operating with the Italian colonist.

ENRICO GIURIO,
Revista delle Colonie, Italy

Smokers' 'Fur'

How to detect it— How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

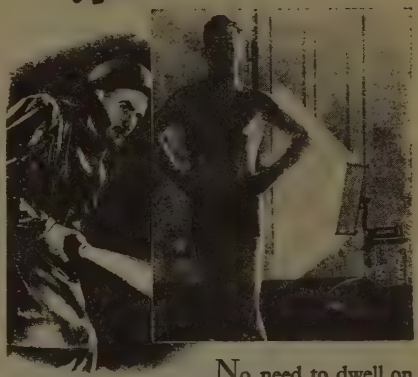
7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax)
Sold everywhere.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

19 ★

Defeat the Wartime Winter!



No need to dwell on the difficulties. Let's find the answer. The surest answer is to get a Homesun and to use it regularly week by week. This is the true tonic. This is the *natural* road to vigour and abounding fitness. Within an hour after your sunlight bath, you can feel your body tingling with vigorous health. You know that feeling that you get on your holidays: 'By Jove, I do feel fit.' That's how you wake the morning after a Homesun bath. Get back in the sun. *That's* your answer this winter.

USERS SAY: *'Our little boy aged 2½ has not had a cold since we had the lamp . . .'*—Mr. A. A. *'Never again would I be without such a lamp, at least in England . . .'*—A Doctor. *'The baths make me sleep like a top . . .'*—Mrs. W. *'It enables children to maintain their robust health during the long period of dull and inc'ement weather . .'*—Mr. J. B. C. *'We never get colds now . . .'*—A Bristol Worker.

Keep fighting fit with a Homesun

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Please send me free copy of your colour Booklet, 'Get Back in the Sun.'

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THOUGHTS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

CAPETOWN COMPLAINT 'THE Fennings', it says in an English detective story I picked up a few days ago, 'were extremely rich people, vulgar, I understand, *though* young Fenning was *decently educated*. The father was a South African millionaire.'

It is time, I submit, that the Union Government instructed its High Commissioner in London to make representations to the P.E.N. Club, the Crime Club, the Authors' Club and that exclusive association of specialists in detective fiction, of which Dorothy L. Sayers, Agatha Christie and, presumably, the author of the above quotation, are prominent members.

In current English thrillers, South Africa is invariably referred to as the home of crooks, confidence tricksters, and generally bad 'uns, and South Africans seldom appear in rôles other than that of the villain or a member of his entourage. While it cannot be denied that the Rand's roaring nineties produced many notorious rather than famous men of great wealth, I, for one, feel that other Dominions must have done likewise. South Africa should be given a rest by authors, except by those writers who have shown themselves awake to the existence of our better nature and nobler spirits.

Trek, S. Africa

CATTY WOMENFOLK never have a good word for another woman—there is always a 'But—'. 'Miss So-and-So sings so well.' 'Yes, she does, but she is this and that.' My dear womenfolk, such remarks will land us in a land of nowhere. Popularity is never gained by lowering other women's prestige.

Bantu World

JUNKERS VERSUS ITALY THE Union of South Africa is behind Britain to the fullest extent of its ability and strength', declared Mr. de Waal Meyer, addressing a Service Club. Referring to the Union's participation in aerial warfare, Mr. Meyer said that the passenger air service in South Africa had been practically abandoned and the 'planes converted into bombers. 'Ironically', he said, 'we are bombing Italian bases with Junkers aeroplanes'.

South Africa

BLUSHMAKING DEAR SIR, I herewith wish to express my displeasure concerning the manner in which a certain part of the play *Van Nege Tot Ses* was staged. At one stage the dressing room of working girls was represented. There in front of the entire audience a couple of ladies changed their attire! If clothes have to be changed, why cannot this then take place behind a screen or something similar? There was also smoking on the stage by a lady. I do not believe that such things will build up the Afrikaans play or redound to the credit of the Afrikaner.

Letter to *Die Burger*,
Capetown

FOOT TO HEAD WOMEN have found a new use for old silk stockings, one of which may be too full of ladders to be successfully mended. They wear the good ones as swathed headbands. The gleam of the silk is flattering to the hair, and the usual tan coloured stocking has the advantage that it will harmonise well with many different colour schemes. With the aid of easy dyes, too, it is possible to make coloured headbands from the stockings. And wide strips of pure silk underwear that have become worn in parts are equally accommodating.

'Kokstad Advertiser, S. Africa

BLOW-FLY ERADICATED AFTER all the fuss and secrecy the revelation of the actual nature of Mr. Smith's 'Blow-fly Eradicator' comes with the effect of thorough anti-climax.

It is prepared as follows: Place the entrails of a sheep in an air-tight drum and allow them to stew in their own juice for 48 hours. Meanwhile keep the stomach contents in another container. You then divide—or, rather, Jacob then divides the now thoroughly ripened entrails among a number of paraffin tins. To each is added some of the stomach contents, and, finally, two tablespoonfuls of Coopers Dip mixed with water is stirred in. The resultant pot-pourri is the 'Smith Blow-fly Eradicator'.

South African Merino-Breeders' Journa

3

Pain after Meals

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a box of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 7d. and 1/1½d. Also family sizes 2/3 and 3/11½d. (Including Purchase Tax). Obtainable everywhere.

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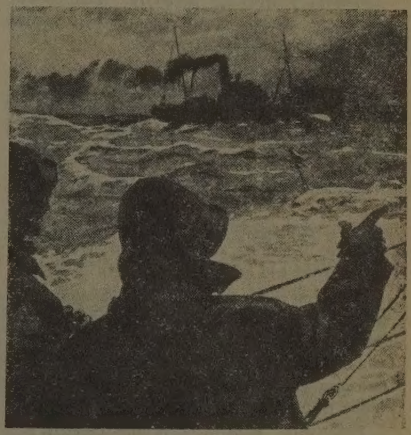
This they do for you

A biting wind cuts across her deck. Ahead, in the grey-green depths lies danger—death may come hurtling down any moment—yet the sweep is out and the men are standing by.

Wet through, chilled to the bone, they carry on with this dangerous task, fair weather or foul.

Not for them the warmth of a fireside chair, the pleasure of a well-cooked meal—not till they reach port and the snug quarters of the Red Shield Club.*



Will you do this for them?

You can help to ensure that every port has its Red Shield Club with the warmth, the friendship and the comforts the men appreciate, by sending a contribution to-day.

Please send your gift to General Carpenter, 'War Service Fund', 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

* *Just one of the 137 services The Salvation Army renders to the Community.*

THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT

Correspondence Cross-Section

WAR AIMS 'VICTORY can only come with a mighty Navy, Army, Air Force and spiritual offensive.' These words, summing up *World Review's* editorial War survey, contain an idea which can transform the future of the War and perhaps the future of the world.

There is much muddled thinking about War aims; largely because, while maintaining that we are fighting for moral ideals, we seek still to articulate them in material terms.

Let us take as our long distance War aim: 'Democracy working perfectly.' That is not just three words strung together. It means something as definite as a bomb.

Firstly, inefficiency, muddle, waste, extravagance, slackness, uncleanliness are all undemocratic. Why? Because they are the reverse of that responsible action and consideration of the whole that has been the very essence of the democratic idea from Plato to the present day.

There is the 'what-do-I-get-out-of-it' attitude to work—which puts all the stress on the wages to be gained, and loses the joy in achievement of the old craftsmen.

How can we create in people the will to be efficient, and public-spirited? The B.B.C., the Press, the literary world, the cinema must seek out those forces that can perform this essential task and give them the fullest possible opportunity of reaching the nation.

Evacuation, enlistment in the Services and life in the shelter must be presented as opportunities for the adventurous to pioneer great moral and social advances, and for those of good will to make Britain a demonstration of classes and creeds working together that will be a beacon of hope to the peoples of Europe.

The Englishman welcomes the chance to sacrifice if he can see what it is for; but Englishmen of late have not been asked to sacrifice. The 'get' philosophy has prevailed. England had nothing to offer a man like T. E. Lawrence after 1919, so he vainly sought fulfilment in the Tank Corps, the Air Force, and finally was killed racing his motor-cycle over the Downs—a tragic indictment of our national life of those years.

W. L. M. CONNER,
Berkeley Square, W.1

NEW ZEALAND SCHOOLS THIS dislike of compulsion is much exaggerated by many people. I believe the average Englishman is inclined to tolerate quite a lot of compulsion, if he is persuaded that it is equitably applied, and serves generally to advance the interests of the community.

Look at the system of education established by one of the youngest, and certainly one of the most English, of the British Dominions, New Zealand.

The whole cost of the system is borne by the State from the general revenue; and whilst the element of compulsion only applies to primary education, every facility is provided for those who wish to continue their studies right up to and including the excellent universities.

All New Zealand children go to these State Schools as a matter of course, from the age of about five years.

The education is excellent and practical, and gives the scholars an exceedingly good groundwork for any vocation or profession, and does not neglect health and physique.

Whilst the element of compulsion in education is not repugnant to New Zealanders, I am quite certain that they would resent the idea of any educational system which permitted private profits to be made out of education.

GEO. TOWNSEND,
Heston, Mddx.

KEYNES PLAN IN Mr. Pethick-Lawrence's able summary of the Keynes plan he avers that inflation bears most heavily on the poor. This is, of course, true, but only if it is meant literally. That is to say, on the poor as opposed to the rich. It bears most heavily on the *rentier* class, including pensioners.

The Labour Party has just as great a horror of inflation as their rivals profess and, having experienced it, I always wonder why. Can it be that Labour economists understand as little of economics as their Tory opposite numbers? My experience as an accountant in the States in France and over here teaches me that there is not one solitary economist who really knows how the Capitalist System works.

LIONEL MUNDY,
London, W.1

MANY CHILDREN ARE HAPPY

because their plight became known to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. More than 100,000 are rescued annually from all forms of ill-treatment and neglect.

To-day the Society is bringing long experience to help smooth out difficulties of War-time child welfare.

Will you help this onal Service to ensure a happy childhood for our future citizens?

Do please send a gift for *unhappy* children to Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer

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Victory House, Leicester Square London, W.C.2

Shaverwocky

(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

'Twas shaving, and the bristly gents
Did writhe and wrestle in the morn
All anguished were their teguments
And their follicles out-torn.

'Beware the Scrapershave my son,
The blades that bite, the hairs that catch
Beware the Bristlechin and shun
The stubbling Razorsnatch.'

He took his sharp, bright blade in hand
And water hot—an ample stream
To tame his beard he commandeered
Parke-Davis Shaving Cream.

And as with deftish stroke he swept
The whiskers from his physiog
The Scrapershave the ghost upgave
And died as dead as dog.

One two! One two! and through and through
The silky blade went snicker-snack!
He felt his chin and with a grin
He went clean-shaven back.

'Oh, thou hast slain the Scrapershave,
The credit's thine, P.D.S.C.!
Oh beardless day, Callooh, Callay!'
He chortled in his glee.

'Twas shaving—the once bristly gents
Have chins as smooth as any dream
For they have learned real shaving sense
Parke-Davis Shaving Cream!

Try Parke-Davis Shaving Cream for yourself! It will give you a quicker, smoother shave than ever before! Your chemist sells large tubes.

SUEZIDE?

Even Italians can't drink sand; and Sahara sandwiches are indigestible. Subscribers to S.M.S. see the implication of this adventure. They are kept posted with the moves behind the news, with the geography behind the history. They get sets of maps on world events, and expert objective commentary, too. They know how and also why. Would you like a prospectus of this unique Service, and a free map? A post card, then, to SERIAL MAPS at Letchworth, Herts

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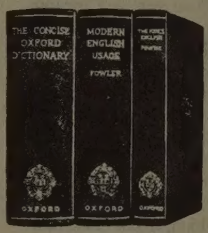

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It will be the best investment in books you have made and will help you to success

WANTED: MORE WIT I SEE that two of your correspondents object to *World Revue*, by Diana Morgan and Walter Trier, in your Christmas Number. May I say that I thought it extremely witty, and a very welcome bright spot in these excessively sober times? We English are supposed to have a sense of humour. All right; but what a pity we are so deficient in a sense of wit. As for 'near the knuckle' jokes, surely readers of *World Review* are worldly enough not to blush at them!

T. S. REDFERN,
Kingswood, Surrey

EDUCATION AGAIN I HAVE read with interest in your January issue the article 'Post-War Youth', by Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, M.P.

Mr. Lindsay begins at fourteen, but the youth he is going to train begins in its mother's womb, and before: he allows too much space to Secondary and Public Schools, whereas the bulk of our school population attends the Elementary Schools and, incidentally, leaves at about fourteen years of age.

No one knows better than Mr. Lindsay the real weaknesses of our present system, yet no hint of them appears, much less an assurance that they will be eliminated:

Examinations. These are, for the most part, entirely unsuitable as tests of real knowledge; they are given at too early an age; and because of them, cramming is substituted for education, feats of memory for real thought.

Subjects. These are too often placed in watertight compartments, so that few people ever come to any kind of understanding of the oneness of knowledge concerning the world and times in which they live.

Homework. Far too many young people spend summer evenings indoors, cramming page after page of useless trash, of which, thank God, they have little comprehension, in order to 'do well' in examinations. This in the name of education.

Physical Training and Organised Games. It is wrong to say that most boys like football and cricket; they do not. They think that they *ought* to like them because (*a*) they hear, in peace time, so much talk about professional teams, they see how much newspaper space is devoted to them, and they listen to the wireless. (*b*) Football and cricket are *the* games of the school they attend, and much glory depends upon a member of the Eleven.

EDW. C. EVANS,
Wonersh, Surrey

YOUTH ON JOAD I READ with great interest the article in the Youth Number of *World Review*, 'Religion to the Rescue', by Professor Joad. May I, as a girl of seventeen, one of the coming generation, take the liberty of expressing my views on the subject?

Professor Joad rejects Christianity on account of its 'supernatural tenets', and it is indeed difficult for man to understand and therefore to believe that which is of the spirit. However, he is not purely materialistic, but has a spark of the Divine within him. If modern life has 'eaten away the very capacity for faith', which we need so much, then we must go back to a simpler life. Even if, as Professor Joad suggests, we adopt a modernised Hindu mysticism as our religion, we should need faith for it. Mysticism is defined in the dictionary as 'the doctrine of the mystics, a tendency of religious feeling marked by an effort to attain direct and immediate communication with God'. This is what he commends as a timely suggestion when he has just condemned Christianity for its spiritual doctrines. That is what I call self-contradiction!

The dictionary also states that mysticism is an 'obscurity of doctrine'. If this is so, I am sure no one would be in its favour. Man cannot be doubtful as to the principles of his belief. He must have a stable creed on which to base his actions.

ANN M. MUMFORD,
Sevenoaks

In a Nutshell

It is possible to lead a moderately good life without being able to pronounce 'rhinoceros'. —ROBERT LYND.

I do not believe in belief.—E. M. FORSTER.

Comrade V. M. Molotov and *Mr.* A. Hitler in the New Imperial Chancellery.—Caption in *Pravda.*

Can you do Car Doodles in the snow?—Caption in *Autocar.*

The genuine spirit of Nationality is still the strongest moral and political force in the world to-day.—J. B. FIRTH.

The England of the young men who went to the Oxford Union to vote against fighting for King and country has vanished for ever.—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

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